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Sailing With Columbus;

Or, THE PERILS OF FAR SEAS

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CHAPTER I.

SEEKING A NEW WORLD.

THE admiral stood on the quarter-deck, the center of a group of men who were at once like and unlike him. They were clad in garments more or less fine and expensive, and in this they did not differ, but while they were almost wholly commonplace young he had hair that had whitened with his fifty odd years, and where they wore swords at their hip he carried none.

He was the most peacefully equipped of all, the oldest, the gravest, the tallest of stature and the one most studious of aspect of all, yet he was Christopher Columbus, already celebrated for his discoveries in the seas, and chosen of God for higher honors. Now, his aspect was unusually serious, and his mood was requiring much consideration.

"We should have one other man to give us an opinion," he said, breaking a brief pause, during which he had meditated deeply. "Sancho Ruiz, I know of no one better calculated to settle the vexed question than you, a pilot of long and many voyages, yet I would have speech with Pedro Morn, the carpenter of whom you have spoken. It would seem he is calculated to know all that a ship has to tell in its dumb language. Pray send him here."

"Ay, my lord admiral," the pilot replied, "I will send Pedro to you speedily."

Saluting, he withdrew from the quarter-deck, but in a few minutes returned with a man in his company.

"This, sir," he announced, "is the carpenter."

"His face is not new to me," replied Columbus, smiling, "for often I have watched his cunning handicraft in this ship. Pray, Pedro, give careful heed to what I ask. We have had a fire aboard the Santa Maria?"

"Ay, my lord admiral," Pedro answered promptly.

"My gentlemen are not fully agreed as to its cause. Flame does not often start of its own accord, and we wonder much how this fire came under way. What is your opinion, carpenter?"

Why, my lord, as to that 'tis talked of in the forecastle, and we of that division are as much at a loss as your honored selves."

"But you, Pedro, must have an opinion. It is that I would hear. Speak freely, and in giving that if aught that has a delicate complexion is spoken it shall do nothing to your hurt. In brief, what you say will be held in strict secrecy."

"Ay, then, my admiral, I will speak out and delay you no longer. I know not how that fire had its start, for the matter seems hidden, but I have been long at sea and I am used to weigh what I see and look for causes, open or hidden. Happily, the fire was early discovered and soon quelled, so some of the forecastle hands will nigh ignore it now, but it is in my mind that perhaps some one aboard the Santa Maria could tell more of it than has been noised abroad."

"In a word, then, you think the fire was incendiary?"

"It has that seeming to me, sir," replied Pedro, shifting uneasily upon his feet.

"But why, carpenter, why?"

"My lord admiral has bid me speak freely. Sir, there are murmurs of discontent in this ship, and 'tis said there are like conditions on board the Pinta and the Nina. You do know that? when we were three days out from the bar Salles the rudder of the Pinta was unshipped, whereby that caravel is still limping like unto a man with stiffened joints. It has been said to me that the admiral and his gentlemen fear the harm to the rudder was the effort of somebody to disable the Pinta, and so compel us to put back to Palos. I ask pardon for my bluntness, but may not the same spirit that led to the meddling of the rudder have started the fire?"

"But you can offer no proof?"

"None whatever, sir."

"And no vague evidence?"

"Again, sir, none."

"I thank you for your candor, Pedro. Now, you may return to your proper post. I thank you, carpenter."

"May God bless our admiral and their majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella!"

With this sturdy speech the carpenter saluted and withdrew. As he went Columbus took a turn across the deck, meditating gravely. This done he paused near his gentlemen.

"'Tis useless," he said, "to blind our eyes to the meaning of this matter. Our sailors are not wholly of the sort we could wish in our enterprise, and somebody would defeat the object of our voyage. The murmurs of discontent, the harm done the rudder, and now this fire in the Santa Maria, all, combined, tell of hostility to our project. Are the malcontents blind? When I have convinced their gracious majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, that there is land beyond the known seas, and that it may be found for the searching, why do my mariners rebel?"

"Feeble brains, light wit!" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"Even so, Don Alonso. And the pity of it, too! But, sirs, when we have discovered a new world beyond seas and added it to the crown of our majesties, the meanest man among our mariners may well rejoice that he was with us in this, the year fourteen hundred and ninety-two.

"We cannot fail with Admiral Christopher Columbus as our captain!" declared Don Alonso.

"Nay!" replied the discoverer. "I am but human, and fallible is the lot of man, but it is strong within me that this voyage has no tinge of failure. Gentlemen, another world, a land unseen by European eyes, lies on our bows. We will find it, for I feel a high Power is with us."

With this the admiral walked slowly away, ascending to the poop-deck, and manifesting a desire to be alone that was respected by his followers. They scattered to various points, and Columbus was by himself for half an hour. It was a period of meditation with him, broken by moments of more activity when he scanned the sea ahead, wistfully looking into the distance as if to see with faith that new world he aspired to behold in reality.

He was finally aroused by a disturbance in the forward part of the vessel, and saw that a scuffle was in progress there. Several persons were hustling a single man, and as roughly that Columbus grew apprehensive that the incipient mutiny was taking on more direct form. As the course of the group was toward the quarter-deck he walked quickly in that direction, prepared to demand an explanation. When he met the party he saw that all were sailors except one, who was Borgo Blas, master-guardsman of his armed force. Borgo was a noted man-aboard, combining, as he did, almost gigantic size with unusual quickness of motion, and a rank only second to that of the gentleman-at-arms himself. Having faith in him, the admiral spoke quickly.

"How now, Master Borgo? What means this tumult?"

"Pray, lord admiral, ask these riotous mariners," was the blunt answer. "I only know they dragged yonder one to me and asked for judgment. Being a fighting man, and no statecraft gallant, I did bid them present their undoubted client to you, sir, sir."

Columbus turned to gaze upon the one person who was a prisoner.

"Whom have we here?" he asked. "I recognize him not."

He has been in a drunken stupor since first we sailed, Don Roderigo, responded a sailor, glaring at the accused.

"Ah! a victim of strong drink!" murmured the admiral. "It is to be regretted, for of all men a mariner should be clear of mind. Yet," he added, scanning the prisoner closely, "it does seem to me his fashion is not that of a sailor."

"Captain," replied the accused, "I am no sailor, save in a poor amateur way."

"Curb your tongue, knave!" warned the fellow who had spoken of drunkenness. "Be little in admiral's presence, I counsel."

"Peace!" commanded Columbus. "If I am an admiral, I am also a captain. I like the title. But your captive—fall back, all but Master Borgo, and let me deal with this."

They went, and the navigator ended his scrutiny. He had seen at a glance that one not dressed like a mariner, but that his garments were good woolen fabric now in hard stress, being rent and freshly soiled. More than he noted that the man bore himself in manner not after forecastle style. Rather was he like a gentleman in disaster.

"What," pursued the admiral courteously, "is your name?"

She was the unabashed but modest reply, "I am Don Leon Vitoria of Saragossa."

"So! And how does it chance that you are a mariner in this ship?"

"That, sir, is what I would have explained to me. I was in Palos, awaiting for the night preparatory to going to my home, when I stopped at the inn of the Benedictine friar. Going to my bed for the night I knew no more until half an hour since."

"And we are five days out from the bar of Saltes! A sleep of five days?"

"Perhaps not that, replied the man, I am vaguely conscious that I have had periods of semi-wakefulness when I have eaten the meager bite, though not understandingly. It is clear to me, sir, that I was drugged and unlawfully brought aboard this caravel."

"Were you a delinquent debtor or criminal?"

A deep flush spread over the handsome face of the young nobleman, and Columbus hastily added:

"I ask your pardon, but I spoke thoughtlessly. Will you tell me more of yourself?"

"Sir Admiral, I am of the house of Vitoria in Saragossa, a nephew of the Don Jose Vitoria who died a month ago. Long time I have loved the sea and spent all my leisure days along the coast and outlying waters of Spain. I was thus occupied when I heard of my uncle's death, and was summoned to hasten home and accept my inheritance of all his lands and wealth. I went as far as Palos, and then—and then—oblivion! And next my awakening here."

"Ah! the net that gave me mariners was wide-spread and remorseless. Drugged and impressed! 'Tis melancholy! Young sir, I did once meet your uncle, Don Jose, and I know him for a worthy man. I grieve to hear of his death, and of your recent hard usage, though well would I like to have all my party of such excellent blood as this youth."

The navigator was not disposed to take every man's word implicitly, and though the handsome face and frank face of the prisoner impressed him forcibly, he asked many questions concerning the Vitoria family, and about Saragossa and the past short voyages of the man before him, and always with acumen. Each answer gave him additional grounds for the belief that Don Leon was strictly truthful, and he presently gave over his inquisition.

"Young sir," he added, "I heartily regret that you have been so hardly used, and I trust that you will not hold me responsible in the forecastle work. You shall join, not my cavaliers but my gentlemen. You were impressed to recruit an over-small crew."

Leon hesitated, reluctant to speak his mind. The notion was strong within him that it was a deliberate abduction, not impressment, and that he had been kidnaped from Palos for different purposes. But, in brief, it was a personal matter, and the outcome of a personal plot.

"Pray, lord admiral went on, "I have urgent business for the hour, and though I shall be glad to talk with you further ere long, I must request that you find companionship forward. Go with your countryman and will leave you together."

With that the admiral beckoned Borgo to him and the young men exchanged a handclasp.

"I have, indeed, heard your story," said the admiral, "and you may be much inclined to like you as to sympathize with you, and I trust we shall be good friends during our voyage."

"I thank you kindly," responded Leon, "but I am not a mariner, Admiral, by profession, Business calls me to Saragossa. If in the course of the voyage I chance to meet any I not hope that I shall be put in a passing vessel, and so returned to Palos?"

"Do you not know that we are well beyond the Canaries, for many days by now? Do you not know the purpose of this voyage?"

"Neither! I am but just wakened from a drugged sleep, and I know nothing save that I was put aboard the Christopher Columbus of whose explorations I am well informed. Sir, I pray you, tell me what is the object of the journey."

Rodorigo drew a long breath, like one who meets with a subject so vast as to fill his mind. Then he answered:

"You speak truly. This caravel is the Santa Maria, of which Admiral Columbus himself is the lord. Beneficent Shaft-bow is the Pinta, under Captain Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and the smaller caravel yonder is the Nina, under Captain Vincent Pinzon, the last two men are brothers. All this is trifling to you, but it is necessary to be told. This fleet has sailed from Palos to search for a land to the extra the ocean."

"I have heard of Captain Columbus as an experienced mariner."

"Not yet do you grasp the truth. This voyage is to eclipse all others. A few days hence we expect to sight Cipango, and soon after that we turn our bows again west and southward and—but the man can answer Ferdinand and Isabella, our gracious sovereigns have thrice given their word and we seek another world."

"Ha!" cried Leon, "and has the great ambition of Columbus been satisfied? Does he indeed seek to sail into the unknown deep? Sir, I am not of my leisure years and no mariner knows what is there?"

"Not yet!"

"By my faith! you stagger me. And I, too, am forced!"

"We are all here."

"A great enterprise! Why, you must be like Ponce de Leon!"

"Anything but that," replied Roderigo, with a melancholy regret to any thing that discord exists. We are of three ranks in this ship—soldiers and sailors and gentlemen. I grieve to say, are mere adventurers. Next, soldiers are here because they are sent. Lastly, though well would I like to have all pressed, or who are men that have offended against the law and are condemned if they will go."

"But why? Methinks the whole world should strive for place in the great undertaking."

"It did not so befall. Few persons cared to go, for a great fear of the remote unknown deep is upon all. Many mariners would not sign willingly, and even adventurers were reluctant. Only after enlistments have been had by bribery and impressment, and from the first a spirit of mutiny was harassed our admiral, who would turn back, and all for fear of the sea that no ship has yet cut with her prow."

"I marvel at such craven spirit and lack of ambition!" commented Leon. "Why, now I not eager to get to Saragossa I would be overjoyed to seek that new world with the admiral."

"Friend, 'tis in my mind that you will go with us whether Saragossa will or not. You cannot return unless we meet another ship, and I seriously doubt any will be sighted."

"Saint Catherine! now I bethink myself you are right. Kidnaped, I am held in spite of myself. If it befalls that I cannot turn back, either at sea or when we reach the Canaries, why—"

Don Roderigo suddenly stopped the speaker.

"Tell, me," he whispered, "have you a personal enemy aboard?"

"Nay, not that I know of now."

"While we have spoken the mariners have talked forward. Some words have drifted to my ears, and would be for me to give a charge a recent fire aboard to your account. Some incendiary did try to burn our caravel, and he remains aboard. Who could place the blame upon you—"

"Why, I have faith in my forecastle, unconscious."

"Ah, Don Leon, guilt seeks neither proof nor logic, and a dastardly foe stops at nothing. But that you should have such a foe among mere sailors, why, that is well-nigh impossible. Are you sure you know none of our party of gentlemen?"

"I have seen but few."

"You will see them later. Admiral Columbus will not easily give ear to charges that you fired the Santa Maria, but if you have an enemy aft you should know of it. You will do well to scan every face closely."

"A plot took me here," responded Leon thoughtfully. "Why should not the plotter be here, too? The simile forbid. 'Tis not meet that there should be discord when so great an adventure is on. Men should give all their thoughts to what is beyond."

He pointed to the blue waters that glistened in the sun, and to the line of the far horizon as though to see the new world that Columbus sought.

"Trust nothing here," replied Roderigo. "The three vessels seethe with superstition, fear and schemes. If you have a personal foe aboard you are worse beset than any of us, and if it be so, take heed to your very life!"

CHAPTER II.

VICTIMS OF THE SEA.

A boat was drifting upon the ocean. Four persons were within it, and the only remnant of a sail hung from the tiny mast, and the oars lay on the thwarts. It was a helpless party, and evidently in distress. This was especially so with the roughly-dressed man of middle age who sprawled exhausted in the stern, and the elderly gentleman who sat near the bow, and the two young women, and both had borne their privations with much like men. Why this was so they did not know, but the men could have told had they been disposed, that they had wellnigh reached the limit of what human flesh might not suffer.

The man in the worldly station was plain in the party. The man in the stern was like a caricature of a sea dog, with a series of grotesque persons and his clothing had once cost a large sum. One of the women was of middle age, the other young and almost as muscular. Inured to hardship, she was now lapsed into a stupor from the effect of surprising endurance.

Dona Beatrix Ferdinand was seemingly no more than twenty years of age, slightly above the average height, slender, trimly-built, and full of face and figure. Even in disorder her dress was more expensive and far less soiled than those worn by the men in the boat.

She had been looking dully at the water that, shifting and heavily rippling and only making the miniature of, a white cap, a surface that was bright as a lady's jewels; but now she turned her head to the half-overcast sky that was a field of gray in many shades. From one point to the other of the horizon, nothing where the water met the heavens. There was no sail or land in sight, but that the point of junction was no more than a pencil-mark to distinguish the one from the other.

The gentleman in the bows stirred from his apathy.

"Do you see anything, Inez?" he asked slightly.

"Nothing, my father," she answered, sighing.

"How long, oh! how long? Although Gil Yanez has frankly said we need expect no help from the Christopher Columbus, there will be, there must be some vessel passing soon. Is the sea empty now to you?"

"Father, Gil Yanez is a mariner of long experience."

"What is the strength of this famous Gil Yanez?" asked the coarsely-dressed man, scowling at the speaker. "Methinks he who is delicately nurtured, withstands as well as another. And why, this stalwart Gil does wit like a plucked flower in the sun."

"Pray you, Francesca," remonstrated Inez, "remember that Gil has labored hard, keeping us afloat since—since last night. He has carried away from the mast, eager to guide us to safety, and has required much."

The elderly gentleman sighed. He would not tell the second in the lion-hearted sailor had ignored food that the others have shkeved to eat, nor that his own stomach had rebelled at what he hardly filled. There had been noble sacrifice in this voyage.

"No sail!" he murmured, after a brief pause. "Methinks we have been a long time

who has an empty stomach is ill fitted for muscular labor.

Ines was now silent while all others talked, but she was gazing with her heart in the task, and when the distance had been cut down a half she suddenly grew animated.

"They see us, there is a stir inboard!" she exclaimed wildly. "Ah, they surely see us! Father, we are saved!"

Don Enrique felt upon his knees and prayed aloud, but Gil Yanez placed his faith in other things, so he tugged at the oars until his brow grew pallid with undue exertion.

The hoped-for change came. The largest caravel shifted her helm and brought her bows around until they were pointing directly at the boat. After that there could be no doubt, and the leap of the foam under the forward overhang was a glad sight to all. Rescue was certain.

"I have been meditating while we have been adrift," said Don Enrique, suddenly growing thoughtful. "If, instead of going to Malaga to meet the conspirators, I had betaken to my country home at Seffol, there would be no way to connect me with the plot against Count Narataya. Now, when we are picked up by another ship we will bid her captain to keep the fact secret that we are in his ship. He shall set us ashore at some point along the coast, and no man shall ever be told that we were at Malox, or at the Canaries, or anywhere at sea. When at the Canaries I called myself Don Matao Bitoo, and that shall be my name until I am back at my estate in Seffol."

The stranger was energetic in his new plan, and Inez allowed him to speak on unchecked. All the while boat and caravel came nearer each other, and finally, the latter was brought to and a boat lowered. Eating apparatus manned the oars on the way.

"A gallant party," said Francesca. "Six stout men at the oars, an officer at the tiller, and a noble-looking gentleman in the bows. It does not seem possible that all are persons of high rank."

She got no answer, but Inez, still clinging to the mast, found her gaze centered in the gentleman who had commanded. He looked very handsome and gallant as he leaned forward, sympathetic and eager to give his aid, and the dreamy thoughts born of the saying that angels came to aid the needy in the noble young man who had the heart to be thought an angel, but his mission was surely of Samaritan nature.

The pitiable condition of the little party was so patent that no fault was cast at them from the larger boat, and, though the gentleman in the bows waved his hand and smiled encouragingly, the officer at the tiller laid alongside each other almost in total silence. Then the young man removed his hat, and, standing uncovered, kindly addressed the sufferers:

"Be comforted, poor castaways! for you are safe now. Yonder ships are the fleet of admiral Christopher Columbus. Perhaps I may add that I am one of his followers, and that my name is Leon Vitoria."

CHAPTER III.

LEON HEARS A FOE.

Columbus stood by the bulwark of the Santa Maria. The Pinta and the Nina had continued on their course, though under reduced sail, to await the admiral's word of the outcome of the relief party's succor. Strange indeed these little craft of barely one hundred tons seemed to venture into the unexplored waters, ridding care not one jot the possible unknown terrors of an ocean that had supposedly seen no sail before; yet they were in keeping with the genius of that day. The high bows and sterns, the square spreads, the small sizes and general aspect that was the reverse of the modern proper patterns for such things might have caused wonder to a modern observer had he been there, but admiral and crew gave no heed to this, for they had what was well enough for their time, and all that was to be expected.

The explorer watched the Santa Maria's boat approach, towing the smaller craft with its recused inmates.

"They are in hard straits, Don Roderigo," he said gravely.

"Ay, lord admiral," replied the notary. "'Tis the old tale of suffering at sea."

"I marvel much they should be here, for it is far from the coast of Europe. We were seven days sailing from the bar of Saltes to the Canaries, and now we are two days out from the latter island. By my reckoning we are twelve hundred miles from Palos, yet here is this small boat drifting aimlessly. Do you think they dwell in the Canaries, and that their ship has been lost at sea?"

"So it seems to me, sir, though I know not what reasons urged hereabouts. We shall soon know, however."

"Even so! Four persons in all. The two women seem in good form, and the younger one is of comely appearance. The white-haired man near her appears to have been shaken by adversity, and the fourth member lies like one dead."

"They have the look of a famishing party, and perchance his late exertions have been too much for him."

"Quite likely. Ah! mark you how Don Leon Vitoria enters into the matter. His ardor is commendable. It is in my mind, Don Roderigo, that when I acceded to his request that he might go in the rescue boat I disappointed some here."

"Ay, sir, there is no doubt that various of our gentlemen aspired to make the trip, and especially was it so with

"Don Alonzo Olaga!"

"Yea, my admiral."

"There is not the best of feeling betwixt Vitoria and Olaga, or rather, the latter seems not to like Don Leon. Roderigo, what know you of these ship-rumors that Vitoria had to do with the fire aboard the Santa Maria?"

"Such rot and rubbish!" asserted the notary stoutly. "Don Leon then lay unconscious."

"That is true, and it is that his unconsciousness was feigned. I'll not believe it, though I fail to understand Vitoria's case. He says he lay drugged five days and I believe him, yet—'tis odd."

"A small dose of the drug administered now and then would produce that condition, sir."

"Yea, but our impressed mariners were brought into the ship to labor, not to lie similar to the dead. The matter has a mysterious cast, Roderigo."

"It can be explained by supposing Vitoria has a personal enemy on board this caravel, sir."

"Mystery, mystery!" exclaimed Columbus half-irritably. "Something has been wrong at start. The unshipped rudder, the fire, the drugged man—truth to tell, these things vex me, and I would have no more burdens, Roderigo, I have faith in Don Leon, but we will watch him, for all that."

"Ay, lord admiral, and I will do my part."

"No man is to be watched by me, save as he gives the castaways warm welcome."

"The Santa Maria's boat was under the overhang of the caravel at last, her sterns rocked the smaller craft. The ladder was already down, for the whole fleet had been cast and made fast the work of getting the newcomers aboard was done. Each of all lines was handed up, and then came Francesca. Don Enrique was looking very eager, but he was not the first to land, for he waited until Gil Yanez, who was in a helpless way, was ready for it. Then he came up briskly, and, without ceremony, interrupted Columbus's words to inquire humbly with gracious kindness.

"Captain, I pray you, this is a grim moment for me, and I hasten to tender thanks in behalf not only of myself but my daughter and of one other whose thoughts be Rafelo Blyde, of Castile. We were cruising in the Mediterranean between the Mald of Cadiz, when a violent squall struck us and the vessel was dismasted. We were cast by the two boats, but one was capsized, and of all the ship's complement and passengers we are the sole survivors."

Inez heard this fiction with regret and genuine compunction. She would never be exceding to his avowed plan of concealing his identity, but she knew that such deceit would have served them better than falsehood, and she shrank from deceit. Yet, she was in vicinious to Don Enrique, for, in any case, filial duty kept her silent.

"Noble sir," replied Columbus dryly, "I am favored of fortune in that I am able to help you and those dear to you. Being a mariner, my sympathies are strong for those who suffer at the hands of the off-cast sea. Pray, seior, let us be off that I may have power to alleviate your hardships."

"Ah! captain, you are kind to us hard to suit. All we ask is a hard bed and a modicum of food."

"What we have shall be at your disposal, good sir. Yet, I see by the cast of that later. For the present, let us conduct you to the cabin. Hither, mariners, and bear the unconscious man to the quarters where he will find rest and nourishment. Don Leon, pray offer your arm to the lady. Ah! there is Francesca, my support for yourself."

"Yea, my admiral, if necessary," asserted Don Enrique, "for I am still strong, very strong."

His claim was out of time, for he was tottering weakly upon his feet, but his disordered mind was not to be convinced that he was trying to ward off collapse to guard his secret, and he was soon in the hands and betrayed his mental strait clearly.

The boats were hoisted and all but again made upon the caravel, and, well aware that the Santa Maria would soon be under way, Columbus strode forward to his subordinates. He walked by Don Enrique's side, watchful lest he should over, while Leon went with Inez's hand in his arm.

One person did not share in this ceremonity. At the start Don Alonzo Olaga had been angry because Leon went in the boat instead of himself, and he was more than ever wroth when the return was made and he saw how the latter had won the respect he had brought. Now he pulled harshly at his beard as he addressed a boon companion at his elbow:

"By my faith, Crispo, the varlet of a Vitoria has improved his time charmingly since he met yonder charming damsel. He has the air of one who possesses and means to keep, and, by Saint Bardol! she smiles on him as at a favored one."

"Brother!" retorted Crispo. "Nay, rather as at a lover!"

"Malediction! you ferment my blood Crispo! Hark ye, I like the face and carriage of that maid, myself, and I'll not brook the meddling of that knave from Saragosse. The fire and the gusts rise for Don Leon, and I'll see our forecastle allies and have action afoot against the precious Don Leon at once! Come, Crispo, and aid me!" he cried, eying the crew as if to single out the men he wanted.

In the meanwhile Columbus and Leon had conducted the three castaways to the cabin. It was a small and humble place, judged by modern standards, but comfortable and scrupulously neat, and even a haute with it. Come to add to that of its master. Don Enrique held the admiral's attention pertinaciously, and Inez was left to Leon.

What good, what joy, lowering her voice, "is this caravel to make?"

"Seniorita," he replied, "I shall but speak truthfully if I say, none. This is the Santa Maria, chief ship of Admiral Columbus, and we are bound to seek a new world beyond seas."

"Columbus!" she exclaimed. "I have heard of that intrepid navigator, but the name has come to me. A new world beyond seas? Where, then, is it?"

"Who knows?" Leon answered, growing more confident. "Some belief of the great admiral that Europe, Asia and Africa do not comprise the world, but that there is other land, perhaps a coast of India. Ines Yanez, he has wonderful faith in himself, desired their gracious majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, and by their goodness and patronage has sailed in a sort that land. Asiorita, the dauntless Columbus may yet make his name the most famous navigator of the ninety-two, a notable year in the annals of time."

At the close the speaker grew enthusiastic, but Inez did not reciprocate. She gazed at him, thinking of other things than his discovery.

"How many weeks will the fleet be absent?" she asked quickly.

"Many, I hope. No discoverer can tell when he will return, once he sets himself to the task. We may be away for months."

"Months!" she echoed, startled. "And I aboard! But surely there may be a ship, some ship, that will be bound back to Spain."

Leon hesitated, feeling that it was no time to tell the certain fact that Donna Ines and party could not depart. Keep the explorers company as long as the voyage lasted, and the admiral, who had not heard Don Enrique's story, now addressed Don Enrique, addressed the girl himself.

"Ah! the hospitality we can give shall be yours, senorita," he promised. "Until you and your charges may find no woman here, but we do not lack common comforts nor food, and we have skillful cooks. I bid you consider this ship as the Santa Maria."

This said he pointed out staterooms to the latter and, bowing, withdrew. Inez turned left his guests to the steward for the time and hurried for the deck. Leon kept by his side.

"A rarely pretty maid," said the navigator, admiringly.

"Ay, my admiral. But how does this release affect us here?" Leon said the castaways? We cannot put them on any other vessel, for we shall see none."

"'Tis the only thing I regret, young sir. Much as I should like pleasure in having such eminent folk for guests, I fear me that this is hardly one to be the place for women, and especially of the gentle lady. Hard trials may be ahead of us all. Most of us we surely shall see, and some waters, and turn back for the Canaries I dare not—but are two days out, and a turn would lose two more. We must go on, and it does seem these people must go to the end."

At the last words Leon felt his foot on the quarter-deck. It was then seen he had been watched for, as a group of mariners immediately separated themselves from their fellows and marched att in a body. The leader was a coarse-faced seaman with a coat in his left eye; a person known as Doron, but of whom no good had been discovered since they sailed from the bar of Saltes.

Doron now executed a bow of counterfeit respect and humility, after which he addressed Columbus, his words scantily covering his misdemeanor.

"Lord admiral, he said, "we mariners have come to plead with you."

Columbus looked, involuntarily sighed and slowly replied:

"Speak on!"

"By the picking up of these new people we have an extra boat on our hands, great captain, and we ask that the man who did lately try to burn the Santa Maria be set adrift in the same and, for our safety, abandoned forever."

Then his fat index finger shot out, pointing to Leon.

"Here," he added, "is the incendiary! Every mariner aboard is with us in this—we demand that Leon Vitoria be set adrift!"

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this romance which will still find it strong and captivating to the end. We will give you something very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take advantage of this offer, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

LET US MAKE YOU FAT
50c Box Free

We Will Prove at Our Own Expense That It Is No Longer Necessary to Be Thin, Scrawny and Undeveloped.

"Gee! Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they try Sargol!"

This is a generous offer to every thin man or woman reader of this paper. We positively promise to fatten your weight to your own satisfaction or no pay. Think for one moment. It means that one box only we offer to put 10, 15, yes, 20 pounds of good, solid, "stay there" flesh on your form. It fill out hollows in cheeks, neck or bust, in get rid of that "peaked" look, to reject you in health, strength and appearance. We do this with utmost energy to do the without delay. We say "nonlax," nerve physical culture "stunts," distortion from tonic-exercise any measure regime—if we fail it costs you nothing.

We positively wish to hear from the extremely thin, those who know the humiliations and embarrassment of being a skinny person, and we offer to them. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "thin" and "hard luck" so busy women, whose clothes never look "easy," who are ashamed to appear in full dress, to the men who fail to get position or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have tried Sargol or not, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh outfits you have purchased with. We take the risk and we assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of good, firm flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

The new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, carries more nourishment into the tissues, and head into each shape that your food is assimilated and digested. Sargol Co., 1003 W Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and backed up by all medical authority. It is the very necessary thing. In many conditions it is nothing else. Think for one moment. It means all one owes you.

Send for the 50-cent box today. Continue as by your own measurement of this offer. Then write us what good fatty and results to gain weight. The 50-cent box will last any man, woman or child for a time required for you. We send it that you may see the simple, easy, pleasant way in which we make you fat. Do it today, how you have been privately without knowledge of friends. Sargol is sold by druggists the world over in two sizes, regular and economical packages.

We could not publish this offer in The Chicago Ledger if we were not entirely sure of what we say. We have astounding results of our new method of treatment in thousands of letters from those who have taken it on our part. Send off the coupon today and mail it at once to The Sargol Company, 1003 Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., and please enclose 10c with your letter to help pay postage expenses. That's all we ask, you'll never regret it.

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This certificate with ten cents to help pay postage and distributing expenses, entitles the holder to one 50-cent package of Sargol, the Food Builder, Sargol Co., 1003 W Herald Bldg., Binghamton, New York.

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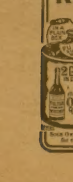
2 Gallons for $5. $2 for $7.50 or 1 for $3. choice of Rye, Bourbon or Corn. Fulton straight whiskey is highest medicinal it is oughly matured, is 4 years old. It's pure as a gallon of sunshine. It's delicious.



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Write for our book, "A Fair Customer," and price list—sealed

Just the Thing.

Milliner—Ah, madam, that is the hat for you. It is quite the rain or shine affair, you carrying an umbrella in bad weather!

Unjust Charge.

"You are charged," said the court, reading the formal complaint, "with having willfully, feloniously and with malice aforethought appropriated to your own use and benefit a certain article—to wit, a vehicle—said vehicle having been wrongfully and feloniously abstracted from the premises of one John Doe, on or about the 14th day of August, Anno Domini 1909, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the people of this great realm. What say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I'm not guilty, judge," protested the prisoner. "All I done was to steal a trap."

STRAW-BER-RIES.

This year we've had the legal quart
Of many things we see
In several per centum short
Or what is used to be.
And so, along with other knocks,
That make the dollar hop,
The bottom of the berry box
Goes nearer to the top.

Professor Samuels Originates Peculiar Method of Treatment

HIS PHENOMENAL SUCCESS CAUSES ENMITY OF DOCTORS

ARRESTED MANY TIMES

But Acquitted by Juries and Judges and Permitted to Continue in a Work That He Alone Can Do, as He Is the Only Man in the World Using His System—Patients Make Startling Statements of His Successful Method of Treating Consumption, Bright's Disease, Kidney Trouble, Blindness, Fits, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Cataracts, Nervous Prostration, Dropsy, Hay Fever and Many Other Diseases That Baffle the Skill of the Ordinary Physician.

WICHITA, Kan.—The almost miraculous cures of hopeless invalids made by Professor Samuels, of Wichita, Kan., have been of such a startling character that they have aroused widespread wonder, admiration and curiosity. Time and again he has taken cases pronounced hopelessly incurable by the medical profession and restored the patients to health in a most phenomenal manner.

There is considerable mystery attached to Professor Samuels' method of accomplishing these marvels, and it is known that he does not use the drastic drugs and medicines that doctors depend upon. And it is a matter of proof that with the system this discovery gives him, he has made the blind see and the lame walk. He has revived the flickering spark of life in people on the very verge of the grave, and restored to health men and women given up to die by doctors and specialists.

Professor Samuels came into note several years ago by his almost miraculous cure of a "Blind Joe," of Topeka, Kan., who was well known in that city, having sold peanuts and popcorn on the street there for years. He had been blind for ten years and had exhausted all the means in his power to be cured, but had given up in despair until he fell into the hands of Professor Samuels, who effected a cure.

Professor Samuels has been arrested many times for practicing his system without having a diploma. A reporter interviewed a few days ago relative to his many arrests. Professor Samuels said:

"Yes, I have been arrested many times for practicing without a license, but in no case have I been convicted. Naturally, the medical profession are jealous of my success, and are fighting me most of the time, but has not my course been vindicated? Do you suppose any jury, when my patients come into court, as they did at Alva, Okla., Newkirk, Okla., Ponca City, Okla., and other towns, and tell how they have been cured of all manner of trouble, do you suppose for a minute that any jury hearing these people and seeing with their own eyes what has been accomplished, is going to convict me? My trial at Alva was before a very able judge, Jesse J. Dunn, who is now chief justice of the state of Oklahoma. After hearing the evidence for and against me I was acquitted. At Newkirk I was tried before Judge Hansley, a very able judge. Judge Brown, a noted lawyer, was the prosecuting attorney, and fought the case very hard, but I was acquitted. These persecutions were brought because I have no license, fixing the ordinance and establishment of my system of healing, how am I to have a diploma? I can't issue it to myself, and the medical fraternity, strutting along in the same harness for half a century, too blind to accept any discovery, which accomplishes actual results, make it impossible for me to procure a license as a representative of any of the organized methods. So what am I to do but to proceed in my own way and accomplish results that astound humanity?"

The reporter then showed a reprint from the court records showing the proof of his assertions that the court had not convicted him.

Professor Samuels is a remarkable man. Bright, alert, progressive and although 60, he is straight and active and gives one the impression that he is much younger. He talks with such an earnest conviction and enthusiasm of his work that the listener must believe him and believe in his work.

"What is the nature of your treatment?" was the next question.

"That is a secret that has taken many years of my life to accomplish. I can only say that my results are obtained treating diseases by dropping a colorless liquid, which I prepare, into the eye. Strange as it may seem, I have effected cures of consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, epileptic fits, nervous prostration are treated in this apparently miraculous way. My system is based absolutely on scientific principles. The eye is the window of the soul. I have evolved a system of treating the eye that is based on the relation of the eye to the system as a whole. This may seem strange, but here are the proofs."

Thereupon the professor placed before his interviewer his "Message of Facts," affidavits of cures effected, and letters from each of them from responsible and well-known people, all bearing on his statements.

This proved that Mrs. Minnie Hoff, now in business at 249 North Main street, Wichita, Kan., had been given up to die of consumption. He had been treated by the greatest specialist in Brooklyn, N. Y. It was some seven years ago and when he had tried everything else without avail, that he came to Professor Samuels and was cured. He is a large, strong man and weighs 240 pounds now, and when called upon by the interviewer, stated that he owed his life to Professor Samuels.

Mrs. Minnie B. Turner, living at Hesterville, Miss., had what was pronounced to be a very bad case of Bright's disease. A number of her family had died from the same disease, among them her mother, two sisters, one brother and one mother-in-law. She had practically given up hopes when hearing of Professor Samuels and began taking his treatment. She had been suffering a cough and night sweats, and now and then a hemorrhage. She weighed only 120 pounds. After beginning treatment she noticed an improvement the very first day. She gained in weight until she weighed 156 pounds, her usual weight.

Mr. I. W. Shufelberger, living seven miles northeast of Wichita, was entirely blind and deaf, was led by his daughter to the office of Professor Samuels, and was suffering a great deal from catarrh. Professor Samuels restored his eyesight after three weeks' treatment. He goes everywhere unattended. He has resumed his business and writes almost as well as he ever did in his life. After being entirely deaf in one ear for twenty years, he can hear a watch ticking.

Miss Ida Garrison, who resides at 942 Roberts avenue, Wichita, Kan., was said to be very low with consumption by leading physicians of that city. After hearing of her excellent health and very best doctors on lung trouble and was pronounced incurable by all. Miss Garrison took the treatment from Professor Samuels ago and she treated about nine months and is still in good health.

Mr. Lee Hendricks, who lives at 211 North Meridian St., Wichita, Kan., had what some physicians pronounced Bright's disease, and others called it diabetes. Various doctors among them his family physician, had given him up to die. He was so weak he could hardly walk. About this time he heard of Professor Samuels. He placed himself in Professor Samuels' care and saw a change for the better in a few weeks. At the end of ten months, he felt just as well as he ever did, and claimed he was absolutely cured. It has now been more than a year since he took the treatment, and he has not had a recurrence of the trouble.

Mr. P. R. Robey, who resides at 309 North Walnut street, Wichita, Kan., brought his mother, Mrs. Sarah Robey, to be treated by Professor Samuels. She was unable to move hand or foot; she was even unable to speak. Her case was paralysis. Physicians had given her up and considered her case hopeless. She was taken in an ambulance to the home of her daughter. After using Professor Samuels' treatment a few months she was restored to health.

Mr. Harry Evans, a wholesale lumberman, located at 207 Winne building, Wichita, Kan., had what the best physicians called Bright's disease. The doctors could not give him any hope and he continued to get worse. He was also losing his eyesight from what was said to be paralysis of the optic nerve. He took treatment from Professor Samuels and began to improve from the very start. His eyesight came back, and all symptoms of Bright's disease left. After taking Professor Samuels' treatment he was examined by leading physicians, and they stated he had not the slightest trace of Bright's disease.

Mr. Evans is known all over the country, a leading business man whose word can be relied upon. He was glad to make affidavit or tell anyone of his experience with Professor Samuels.

The young son of W. W. Lyon, located at Augusta, Kan., had been suffering for a long time with a severe case of asthma. He was treated by Professor Samuels, and is now in good health. In a recent letter, Mr. Lyon writes: "It was the best investment I ever made."

Mary A. Stout, who lives at Burlington, Kan., had what was pronounced to be a bad case of diabetes. The disease is pronounced incurable by regular practitioners. This case was treated by Professor Samuels. In a recent letter to Professor Samuels, she writes: "I feel well, and have no marks of diabetes. May God's richest blessing ever be with you."

"Is it necessary for your patients to come to see you to be treated?" was asked. "No, it is unnecessary in the least. Many of my patients come to see me, but it is not always necessary. My treatment is sent to hundreds, and I find I am as successful in treating that way as though the patients were right here. To people from a distance who write me I send a question blank to fill out. In this way I am enabled to send them the treatment with full directions for its use."

"I should think with your ability to cure you would be in a position to demand big money. Don't you charge big prices?" the interviewer. "No, I do not do that now. My charges, when the patients used to call on me in Wichita, were pretty high. I was getting old, and I feel that it is my duty in my last years to place my treatment in the hands of the poor as well as the rich. I believe that I owe a duty to mankind, and that as many people as possible, no matter what race or nationality, or where located, should be benefited by my life's work. On this account, I have reduced my charges so they are within reach of all.

"My greatest aim in life from now on will be to relieve all this of humanity, and when death shall claim me, I have arranged so that my secret will not die with me, but will be known, that men in all ages to come will reap the reward of my life's work."

Everyone who is sick, no matter what their trouble may be, should write Professor Samuels, room 62, Samuels Bldg., Wichita, Kan., for his "Message of Facts," and they will find something in it of interest to them.

The Food of Gods.

Comment is frequently made by tourist observers on the enormous quantity of chocolate and cocoa consumed in various parts of the civilised world. Whereas a generation or so ago chocolate was considered as the food for children, it is now recognized as an important asset in the dietary of invalids and convalescents and—we may add—women, from the sedentary brain-worker to the stalwart toiler on land or sea, while for children and invalids this delectable form of nourishment has proved extremely valuable. Few of us need reminding that the source of the cocoa and chocolate of commerce is a tree belonging to the natural order bytterlaceæ, called theobroma cacao, originally known in Central and South America, its early history is wrapped in silence. Many legends have been told about the inhabitants of Mexico and the other countries where it grew apparently long before the time of more than we of the present day do. Cortes found it to be one of the principal sources of wealth; its seeds were prized as money, the tribute paid by the inhabitants of the conquered districts to their conquerors usually consisted of the cocoa seeds. How hundreds of years ago it is said it had been the price of a "tolerably good slave," how the beverage made from it strongly appealed to the palate of the great botanist, Linnaeus, as he gave it the name of theobroma, "food of gods" or "food of gods" fears nothing. Two sights in succession Buster Horn gave us from one of our enthusiastic meetings and I think a man ought to be dead.

There was a short pause. Then a little emaciated chap who had crept to the front unobserved, spoke up timidly at his arms.

"Hi'm!" he ejaculated, with a deep sigh. "I'll bet a dollar against a plug of tobacco that you're Buster Horn, the champion heavyweight."

And when the little emaciated chap finally recovered his bearings he was on the sidewalk minus hat and collar.

Every Lady Read This.

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a simple cure for Leucorrhea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is so simple, harmless and safe that I recommend it by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address Mrs. A. Hudnut South Bend, Indiana.

In Other Words.

"The situation is funny enough to make a horse laugh," said the observer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Boston maid. "I never witnessed an equine cachinnation."

J. P.

Those suffering from weakness and lack of vigor should take JUTHE PILLS. One box will tell a story of marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing forces than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1. Made by its originators, G. I. HOOD CO., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, LOWELL, Mass. (2)

His Note.

Mr. Younghubby (writing to wife)—An indefinite period obtained. Bear with me yet awhile, dearest.

Rude Interruption.

The suffragette meeting was in full blast. Enthusiasm was rampant and every remark the distinguished leader made was cheered to the echo.

"We have come to personal courage," cried the speaker, excitedly. "We have female enemies try to deride us with such allusions as 'mannish' and 'unwomanly' and 'unsexed,' but we can show more bravery than the strongest."

"Aye, aye, sister!" echoed a mighty chorus.

"When it comes to real danger we fear nothing."

"Aye, aye, sister!"

"Now, take Buster Horn, our worthy fighter, and you'll see what 'good of gods' fears nothing. Two nights in succession Buster Horn came from one of our enthusiastic meetings and I'll be a man under the bed."

There was a short pause. Then a little emaciated chap who had crept to the front unobserved, spoke up timidly at his arms.

"Hi'm!" he ejaculated, with a deep sigh. "I'll bet a dollar against a plug of tobacco that you're Buster Horn, the champion heavyweight."

And when the little emaciated chap finally recovered his bearings he was on the sidewalk minus hat and collar.

Making the Most of It.

A group of men were discussing human nature and the difficulty of looking always on the bright and glittering side of things when the dingy, dark brown side is uppermost and seems destined to remain uppermost.

"It's a great thing to cultivate a disposition to make the most of things in this life," remarked Jacob H. Albright, of Ridge View realty company, who used to drive a coating horse for a living. "The most striking illustration I ever had of that was down the State about ten years ago. The man driving along side of me let his horse swerve on the back stretch and my sulky was upset. That caused a general mix-up and a colored driver right behind me got unloaded and his sulky broke to pieces. Well, I lay there for a minute and then as I didn't seem to be much hurt, I started to get up.

"'Hey, boss, don't you go gittin' up,' yelled the colored driver at me, excitedly.

"'Why?' I asked him, some puzzled.

"'Cause, he answered, 'all hay right whin yo' is, and in a minute they'll sen' roun' hyah and haul us back par' the gran' stan' in a cathbiage.'

"Sure enough, they did," says Albright. "And when we drove up the grand stand in the open back they sent after us, that colored man was the happiest driver I ever saw. Now, that's what I call making the most of things."

A CHINATOWN TRAGEDY;

Or, The Mystery of a Girl's Murder

By G. T. HARGREAVES

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 32, Aug. 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.
THE DEN OF DEATH.

PHIL flashed a glance of admiration and gratitude at the girl. "Thanks," he said; "go down to the Pekin restaurant tomorrow afternoon about four o'clock, order a dish or two to eat and try to get to know Joe Main, the proprietor. I'll warn you that he's a lady killer, fond especially of American women and proud of his conquests among them. Beware of his conduct but try to learn if he knows anything of the whereabouts of Alice Farrand and what his sentiments toward her are. I'll try to be near by to help you if I can anything serious should happen. You will be able to identify me by this ring I wear," and Phil raised to her eyes his left hand on the third finger of which shone a neat plain circlet of gold.

"In any event," he continued, "I'll see you here at seven tomorrow night. Till then, goodby and good luck," and Phil wrung the young woman's hand.

Seeking an Eighth Avenue trolley car, he boarded it and rode down town till he reached the store number in the eight hundreds. He remembered Lee Main's statement that Lee Chin had been living at number 806 Eighth Avenue and determined to test its accuracy. As he alighted he noted the many curious and in some cases unkind glances cast at him by other passengers which red hair and a false disguise was still as complete as when he had left his home.

Number 800 proved to be a four-story brick building which Phil carefully inspected from the opposite side of the street. On the first floor was a drug store, on the second a chop suey restaurant with gaily painted windows. The windows in the third and fourth floor fronts were curtained and indicated that the rooms were used for living purposes.

It was deep dusk when Phil hesitantly entered the drug store and the streets were brilliantly lighted. Standing all the Chinese peculiarities, he asked the clerk: "You know Lee Chin live here?"

"Naw, I don't know. Why don't you? That's where the Chinks hang out," was the gruff response.

"Alle light," returned Phil as he shuffled out.

So, with some misgiving lest his knowledge of the Chinese tongue prove too limited to his present needs, he climbed the chop suey restaurant stairs and entered the place. Few patrons were present, Phil was relieved for that he conjectured that if the room were crowded, the proprietor with his dialect might not be so easily discerned. However, bracing himself, he sidled up to the desk and addressed the cashier behind it asked in his best native Chinese:

"Lee Chin here?"

"What do you want to know for?" was the unversed and ill mannered response.

It did not catch Phil entirely off his guard, however, though his mind was more deeply occupied by the apprehension lest the pleasant-eyed man behind the desk would penetrate his disguise. With cautious embarrassment, partly natural, partly assumed, he replied:

"I've got a message for him."

"Well, you can leave it here for him."

"Must see him," then the asked Phil, veiling his interest behind the expressionless natured of the Chinese race.

"Yes, top floor, but he hasn't been around for several days."

"Well, I'll go up and see. Maybe he is back now."

So Phil turned and deliberately shambled out of the entrance door but as he turned to close it he did not forget to cast one rapid and sweeping glance at the cashier and the two waiters who were busy at the tables. All three of the men were gazing curiously and intently after him.

"I wonder if they suspect me," he thought as he began to mount the stairs and almost involuntarily his hand crept beneath his loosely hung coat in his holster safely lodged in its hiding place.

The stairway was narrow and dark. It led first to the third floor landing off which opened a number of doors and then turned and pursued its dismal way to the top floor. Here, too, the stairway ended in a half-dozen closed doors barring his further progress.

At the first he tapped gently and then more loudly when no response came. Then he moved on to the second. He was rapping here when the second door when his sharp eye caught projecting from beneath the door a thin margin of white.

Stooping down he drew carefully out a small envelope which he managed to decipher from the light of a match he obtained from his pocket. It was addressed in obviously simple Chinese characters:

"Lee Chin."

"Ah," he breathed inaudibly, "the place."

Phil tried the knob but the door failed to open. Then thrusting the envelope into his blouse, he stooped and with a pressure of ear against the keyhole. Amid the pauses in the footfalls which found its wayering way up the stairways, he could hear no sound of life within the room. Then he looked for a transom above, but there was none.

"A case of breaking in," he thought as he hurled his shoulder against the door and bracing his feet gave a violent shove. The panel creaked slightly. Phil listened to hear if there were any signs of life either within or without but none showed. Then he shoved once again, more violently than before.

The door, weakly hung at its best, shuddered under the attack, the lock creaked dismally and then slowly gave way—nearly precipitating Phil to the floor of the room. He straightened up quickly, every sense alert. The darkness was so intense that he could not pierce it but his nostrils came a faint, queer odor. At first he took it to be the outpouring of some Oriental incense pot.

Then, certain from the stillness that the place was unoccupied, he carefully closed the door and lighted another match. He found himself in a room replete with evidences of artistic Chinese taste. Making his way a few steps forward he reached up to a quaint glass-pritened chandelier and applied his glowing wafer to a gas tip hidden in its depths.

When the steady light flared up, he had a better survey of the strange quarters. From the walls hung rich-woven tapestries and jangling portieres of glass and beads. In two corners stood fine carved fluted screens, golden storks and serpents and dragons spitting fire in red and green satin. On the floor was spread a brilliant Oriental rug. On a lacquered taboret stood a grinning ivory joss. Behind white silken curtains stood a narrow bed.

Drawing back the curtains to the couch, Phil noticed that the coverlets had been disturbed though it was not clear that the bed had been recently occupied. He was turning away when his eye caught on the white counterpane a cluster of dark red spots. When he touched them, he found the cloth had stiffened under their clotting.

"Bloodstains," he murmured to himself and then he turned his attention to

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will lead to the conviction of any person who collects money from our town to have it delivered to the office of this agency, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

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The advertising rate is $1.60 per Agate Line per issue. About eight words to a line. 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in THE EVENING PLANET. THE SUNDAY AND LEDGER together have a circulation of

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THE CHICAGO LEDGER
CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Men who mean well don't always do so.

Two heads are better than one—in a cable-car.

No man is entitled to being good if he isn't tempted.

Even friends bore us when they appear at the wrong time.

A loaded motor car is almost as unsafe as an unloaded gun.

Some men can judge a woman's complexion only by the taste.

Many a budding genius has developed into a blooming idiot.

The man who has no faith in human nature is not to be trusted.

If love is really blind how is it that love cats always find a way?

Many a girl repents at leisure because she didn't hurry in haste.

A man seldom makes the same mistake twice unless he is a widower.

One little drunken man can stir up more trouble than two big sober men.

An optimist can do nothing for a man who is blind to his own interests.

A man is never so easily deceived as when he is trying to deceive others.

A woman always has a tender feeling for a man who pays her a compliment.

No. Alonzo, a truly worthy person may not have anything to do with a trust.

China is little higher than the crowd and God will be a target for the scoffers.

A jealous woman with a handsome husband is entitled to a lot of sympathy.

Man has constructed the flying machine, but he has not succeeded in taming it.

A blase man has reached the limit when he no longer thinks his own jokes funny.

A rich man's children seem to think it is up to them to make a noise in the world.

If the flood had lasted a few days longer Noah's wife would have started in to clean house.

When a young widow meets a man who thinks he has a broken heart she gets busy and mends it.

Girls don't take much interest in pugilism, but they will continue to train for the engagement ring.

Women of the neighborhood are always saying of a widower, "He isn't the same man since he lost his wife."

When one woman tells another what her husband said when he proposed to her it's a sign that he never said it.

Diplomacy is the art of making others believe you are interested in them, when in reality they make you weary.

Fewer marriages would be failures if the contracting parties didn't either marry too young or wait until they are too old.

If every man said what he thought the old world would be as miserable as it would if every woman thought what she said.

A horrible sight confronted him.

(Continued from page five.)

"With this dead girl?"

Ling Ting blinked his eyes affirmatively.

"Were you with them?"

"Oh, no."

"Where were you then?"

"Me in other room."

"What were you doing there?"

"Peeking through keyhole."

"What did you see? Be careful now to be sure you tell the truth," and again the moose rope roughened its way into the Chinaman's neck.

"I see Lee Chin put fingers on girl's throat and then stick long pin, hat pin, in heart."

CHAPTER VII.

STORY OF A CRIME.

Ling Ting's mask-like face bore no trace of the slightest emotion as he made amazing answer to Phil's probing questions. He was as calm and unemotional as though he were describing some pleasure trip. This lack of feeling stung the reporter and he quickly returned to his quest for information with less consideration for the man beneath him than before.

"What time of day was this?" was the next query propounded.

"Almost noon."

"What time did Alice Farrand come to Chin's room?"

"Me don't know; me not here."

"You came in about noon then?"

"Yes."

"Were the doors closed?"

"Yes, all doors closed."

"How did you know that the girl was in this room then?"

"I hear little scream by woman and look through keyhole."

"If you said Lee Chin were chums, why was the door between your two rooms closed?"

Ling Ting made no reply—merely blinked his eyes—which convinced Phil that he was at least getting near the truth of the matter. Moreover the freedom with which the Chinaman implicated his alleged chum in the crime made him seriously doubt that the friendship was a loyal one. He found himself already beginning to suspect there were many ramifications in the tragedy he had started to uncover and that somewhere in its depths the jealousies and hatreds of the famous Chinese death societies of Tong were involved.

"What was the first thing you heard when you got in your room?"

"Heard lots noises like maybe man and woman playing and wrestling on floor."

"What was the first thing you saw when you looked through keyhole?"

"Make like fight or play fight; Lee Chin hold girl down."

"Didn't she make any noise, any outcry?"

"No, she have handkerchief in mouth."

"Was the girl dressed when you first saw her?"

"Yes, she have on all clothes."

"Did you see any blood?"

"Oh, yes; on girl's face like that," and the Chinaman smeared one hand across his face.

"What did you do then?"

"Me get afraid sure enough fight, so me go downstairs."

"How long did you remain downstairs?"

"About three, four, five minutes."

"When you came back was the door of Lee Chin's room open?"

"No, door shut."

"You looked into the room again—through the keyhole?"

"Yes, me see girl on bed. She was laying on back."

"What was Lee Chin doing then?"

"Wash hands, all red."

"Then what did he do?"

"He dlaw out trunk."

"Where did he get the trunk?"

"Behind the screen."

Phil sharply took in the door, the bed and the screen. His mind was actively at work trying to pick flaws in his captive's story.

"But you can't see the bed and the screen through that keyhole. They're too far apart."

Ling Ting's eyes blinked, he hesitated a moment and then whimpered:

"Mebbe."

"You're lying again," flamed Phil and grasping the Chinaman's head he gave it several resounding whacks against the floor. "You'll get more of the same kind if you don't stick closer to the truth. Now you were in this room with Lee Chin, weren't you?"

"Mebbe, but not then."

"Did you see Lee Chin take this dead girl's clothes off?"

"Mebbe saw him tear waist off."

"Anything else?"

Ling Ting shook his head vigorously in the negative.

"Where did Chin get the hatpin that he stuck in the girl's heart?"

"Out of girl's hat."

"Did you see him take it out of the hat?"

"Oh, no."

"Then how do you know?"

Again Ling Ting's eyes blinked. Phil's rapid queries were rapidly undermining many of the props in his own story.

"Did you look through the keyhole all the time?"

"Oh no, me afraid."

"What did you see next?"

"Girl on bed all covered up but face and arms and feet. They nothing on."

"What covered her?"

"Long sheet—white."

"Was she dead?"

"Yes."

"How did you know?"

"Me feel her pulse."

"But you just said you were not in the room." Phil shot back like a rock out of a sun.

Ling Ting blinked again, then his cunning eyes closed and he said apologetically:

"Me in there afterward."

"How did you get in?"

"Lee he call me."

"What did he say?"

"He say 'Girl mad, take plolson. Think she dead.'"

"And she was dead?"

"Oh, yes."

"How did you see the girl's clothes then?"

"Oh, yes, they pile on floor."

"What did Lee Chin do?"

"He empty all his clothes out of trunk."

"What did he do next?"

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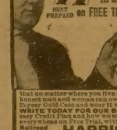

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"Me don't know, me run way."

"Where?"

"Downstairs to chop suey restaurant."

"But you came back?"

"Mebbe. Lee he call me back."

"Was the door to his room open then?"

"Oh, yes, wide open."

"Did you see the girl's body?"

"No, it was in trunk."

"How do you know?"

"Lee he tell me."

"What did he call you for?"

"He want me to help tile up trunk."

"Now what he tell you to help him put the girl in the trunk?"

"Mebbe, oh, no," was the equivocal reply. "What's that? The truth now."

"Oh, no."

"Did you help tile the trunk?"

"Yes—tie tight."

"Who took the ring off the girl's finger?"

"Long"—then the Chinaman stopped suddenly.

"Long Ting you mean?" demanded Phil.

The gratuitous man shook his head negatively but the reporter, feeling that he had uncovered a fresh scent, dug his revolver muzzle into Ling Ching's forehead and insisted:

"Who is this Long Ting? Quick now with the truth."

But Ling Ting only blinked and replied:

"Me no know him."

Again and again Phil returned to the question but each time the interpolent was as unresponsive as at first. Finally changing the subject he asked:

"What did Lee Chin do after he had tied up the trunk?"

"He go way off—out of town. I give him money to go—two hundred dollars—he have none himself."

"If he was going away," shot back Phil, "why did he leave his grip and clothes behind and seventy-five dollars with them?"

The Chinaman returned the same old blink and after a pause muttered his equivocal "Me don't."

"Don't you know where Lee Chin is now?" queried Phil.

"No, no," answered Ling decidedly.

"What became of the girl's clothes?"

"Me don't know."

"What did Lee Chin intend to do with the trunk after he had put the girl's body in it?"

"Send it away—to Europe."

"Why didn't he do it then?"

"Me don't," was the odd response Phil could extract from his prisoner.

Despite of repeated further trustworthy information, he proceeded to bind Ling Ting hand and foot and to jam a gag into his mouth. Then he tied the helpless figure to a leg of the couch. His last act was to close the trunk and shove it behind a screen.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STAR'S GREAT SCOOP.

Turning out the light, Phil Pry slipped out of the room, closing the door behind him. At the top of the stairway he paused to readjust his queer and curious plan to hide his revolver in his blouse.

As he stood there in the darkness with mind surged under the horrors of his discoveries, his acute brain quickly marshaled the salient points on which he had to work in the further unravelling of the tragic mystery. They arranged themselves thus:

1. Who is Long Ting? Ling Ting had breathed the name when he entered Lee Chin's room in the darkness and before he had discovered the presence of Phil. He had also half uttered it in replying to Phil's question as to who had extracted Alice Fernand's ring from her lifeless finger. Evidently Long Ting knows of the tragedy if, indeed, he did not participate in it. Long Ting must be hunted down.

2. Long Ting claims to have been a chum of the missing Lee Chin but his answers to all of Phil's questions showed that he was willing to incriminate Lee Chin in the murder of Alice Farnand without putting any of the blame on himself. This was also an indication of a traitorous Oriental disposition but Phil was never inclined to believe that there was something more in this evident desire to implicate the missing Lee Chin.

3. Who has the missing ring torn from the dead girl's finger? If Lee get a thorough description of that, thought Phil, chance may throw in his way the present possessor.

4. Where are the clothes evidently stripped from the slain girl's person? He must make a thorough search of Lee Chin's room to see if they are secreted in it there.

5. Finally, why, if Lee Chin was so anxious to flee, did he leave behind his packed suit case and the seventy-five dollars in money? Long Ting asserted he gave Lee Chin two hundred dollars with which to escape because the Chinaman to whom must now cling as his only friend in the city the murderer had no funds himself. Why this discrepancy?

Fixing these puzzling propositions firmly in his memory, Phil stole quietly down the long, dark staircase to the second floor landing he paused to glance into the chop suey restaurant. The proprietor was still rooted at the desk, three Chinamen, all in American dress, were seated in close and evidently secret conversation. One of the trio he quickly recognized as Lee Main, the proprietor of the restaurant with whom he had a clash earlier in the day. The other two were strangers to him but he fixed their features firmly in mind.

Noiselessly Phil descended again to the walk. Glancing at a neighboring clock he found it was considerably past eight o'clock.

"Not too late then," he said, "to catch the 'I'll call up Gee and see what he wants to do about cash."

Going into the booth in the drug store at which he had obtained information before venturing upstairs, Phil called up Mr. Gee, the managing editor of the Star, on his home telephone.

"This you, Mr. Gee?" he asked on being connected.

"Yes, Pry; why this call?"

"Do you want to get an extra edition of the Star out tonight?"

"Why?"

"I've found the Farrand girl," Phil barely whispered over the wire.

"You don't say!"

Phil could almost feel the tremor of excitement in the response.

"She's dead—murdered. I've found her body in a trunk in a young Chinaman's room in here on Halsted street. I've got a lot of puzzling circumstances in connection with it and I can't quite get hold of it. But the story of her disappearance and the finding would make a great scare," whispered the reporter.

"You're right it would," replied the managing editor. "I'll have the editorial department down to the office right away. How soon can you get there?"

"I've got a ten-minute search to make here and then I'll get an auto and speed right down."

"All right. I'll have the office all ready for you. Come over on a car—you're only ten o'clock, in time to catch all the theatre crowds on the streets. Understand?"

"And any," concluded Phil, "Don't be surprised at my appearance when I show up."

"Why?"

"Because I'm a Chinaman."

"Also a peach," laughed the editor.

Phil did not wait for the reply but again hastily concluded a conversation over the wire, the restaurant door he noted the trio of Chinamen still in close conversation and intuitively felt that it had something to do with the mystery above stairs, yet he did not have time to stop and wonder them.

Entering the death room and lighting the gas, he found Ling Ting still helpless where he had left him. The Chinaman turned his slanted eyes up appealingly but Phil gave no sign that he saw. Ling Ting's late fellow's bonds were evidently causing him.

The reporter quickly started in on a thorough search of the room. He ransacked dressers, closets and bureaus. Finding nothing but a miscellaneous collection of old wearing apparel, a few books in English print, a few gaudy Chinese idols and a few pieces of Oriental bric-a-brac.

Opening a little china wall he drew down a bundle of old letters, addressed to Lee Chin in a feminine hand. Hastily glancing over the first one he found the signature "A. F."

"From the dead girl evidently," he said to himself as he tucked the collection away in his blouse.

His last look was into a small stove that stood partly hidden by a screen. Throwing back the tiny door, he peered in. Then he ran his hand through the ashes until it struck something solid in the center.

Drawing it forth he found it to be a part of a small trunk and the rest of the garment had been burned away.

Again he dug his hand into the ashes, hoping that he might find some remains of the garments of the slain girl. But nothing rewarded his search. He took from the remnant of the burned sleeve into his blouse that was now beginning to bulge with its load, as one final hasty look over the apartment and then entered on a search of the adjoining room, Ling Ting's.

The hunt was fruitless of clues. There was not an article about the room to throw the least light on the mystery in the next room.

"I'll send some one to you right away," whispered Phil, as he hurried past the fourth floor of Number 999 and find something like a tragedy."

"Why?" Who are you and what do you know about it?"

"You'll have to find out for yourself," replied the reporter, eluding the arm that the policeman thrust out in an effort to detain him. "I'm Phil Pry of the Daily Star. You've heard of me. If your chief wants any information about this case, tell him to look me up."

A block farther down the busy street Phil encountered a public auto. Instructing the chauffeur to drive at speed limits in reaching the Star office, Phil leaped into the tonneau and while the machine whirled him to his destination, he sank back upon the cushioned seat and gave himself for the first writing of his story for the extra.

It was just nine o'clock when he climbed out of the automobile and, paying for his ride, was shot up the elevator to the Star editorial rooms. He found every-thing ready for him to drop into the chair before the typewriter.

Gee, his managing editor, said not a word. He only patted Phil on the shoulder, trusting to the latter to tell his story in his own way.

The story, in fact, told itself. Sheet after sheet was reeled off, a boy standing over Phil prepared to snatch off them to the inspection of the managing editor promptly on its completion.

Beyond the actual discovery of the body, a description of the quarter in which it was found and the identification as that of the daughter of a prominent merchant, Phil told little. As to Ling Ting's part in it he mentioned not a word. He was determined that only the Star must benefit from his discoveries. He had informed the police of the crime and they would undoubtedly go their own way in trying to find the perpetrator. He was resolved to follow his way in the solution of the mystery alone.

As he pounded off the last line of his narrative and turned it over to the office boy, the latter shoved into his hand a check for one hundred dollars signed by the managing editor.

"That's for this scoop, Phil," was the explanation. "You've written a great story here. When you write the one that solves this tragedy, I'll write you an order for five hundred dollars. Meanwhile, of course, you'll give us a good story every day until you do solve it, won't you?"

"I'll try, sir. I'll give you another installment tomorrow morning."

Fifteen minutes later when Phil had elaborated his theory to his superior and had decided to begin his story tomorrow he were just beginning to split the night air with the cry:

"All 'bout the rich white girl murder by Chinamen."

This very remarkable story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Watch the Ledger in the coming months and you will find in it some of the most interesting stories ever written. While every month we will give you a better and more entertaining paper, if you are not already a subscriber you better send in a year's subscription and have the Ledger regularly.

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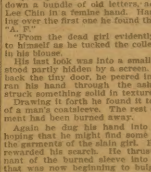

The Instructor—I must ask you to excuse me from tutoring your son for the remainder of this week.

Mrs. Newrich—Very well, if you can't do it. But I shall expect you to furnish a substitutor.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Small Tommy had been sent to a drug store for a quarter of a pound of butter.

"Mamma," he said, as he handed it to her, "this is the poorest platter they had."

"Now, Harry," said the teacher, "can you give the name of some wild flower?"

"Well, answered Harry, after a moment's thought, "Indian meal is the wildest flour I can think of."

Bobby had often ridden on the street cars, but it was his first time at church. His mother gave him a nickel to drop into the contribution box, and after he had done so he whispered:

"Say, mamma, the conductor forgot to ring up our fare."

Honesty is the best policy, but look at the millionaires in the United States Senate!

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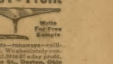

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About the Size of It.

Foreigner—Why is it that so many American cities are complaining of bad water? Is not the water supply under the direction of city officials?

American—Usually.

Foreigner—And are not those officials elected by the people?

American—Er—yes.

Foreigner—Then it appears to me you have not been careful to select officials who are good judges of water.

Labor Lost.

Young Hardhead—I don't see why I am not invited to parties oftener. I am sure I always behave like a gentleman.

Young Lightbend—That's the trouble. You are so very gentlemanly that the girls think you are stupid.

Domestic Health Hint.

Mr. Oldchappe—Ha, ha! And so you are married and are keeping house and have no girl. Well, I sympathize with you.

Mr. Youngchappe—I don't need sympathy.

"Tell that to the bachelors. I am a married man. Your dear little wifey is just out of boarding school, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha! I thought so. And you are already suffering the agonies of dyspepsia, aren't you?"

"Never was better in my life."

"Eh! What's that? And with a young wife doing the cooking?"

"She doesn't. She makes me do it."

Blessing in Disguise.

"Your wife," remarked the next-door neighbor, "used to play the piano and sing a great deal, but I haven't heard her lately."

"Since the baby came," explained the husband and father, "she has had no time."

"Ah, I see!" rejoined the other. "Children are often a blessing in disguise."

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AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors etc. Big Repeaters. Sample Free. Thyrne Pyne. HERBERE AGENCY CO., Box 201, Station A, New York

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one. They remove dandruff, stop falling hairs, RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 25 cents for sample. MAGNETIC COMB CO., 224 So. Peoria St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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$5 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up show cards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.

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A New Industry.

Professor Wetthedust (a few years hence)—Good morning, Mr. Tiller. Anything in my line today? I have brought my balloons and explosives along.

Mr. Tiller (American farmer)—Well, I dunno. What's the price of rain now?

DOORWAYS TO FIT.

"Is that a tailor measuring that fat man there?"

"No; he's an architect—he's going to build him a summer cottage."

A Stranger Present.

Struggling Minister—There was a stranger in church today.

Wife—What did he look like?

"I did not see him."

"Then how do you know there was a stranger among the congregation?"

"I found a good quarter in the contribution box."

An Insinuation.

He was standing at the front gate, seemingly lost in meditation, when the woman living next door came down the steps.

"I was just wondering," he said, "what I could do to improve our neighborhood."

"Oh, that wouldn't be a difficult matter," she rejoined sweetly. "Still, one naturally dislikes moving at this time of the year."

UNANIMOUS.

Mr. Subbubs—Look here, my wife says these eggs you sold her yesterday are cold storage eggs.

Mr. Storekeeper—Too bad, sir; too bad.

Mr. Subbubs—Yes, that's what she said, too.

Natural Sequence.

"You say she was lost in admiration?"

"Yes."

"Where did you find her?"

"In front of a mirror."

Obeyed Orders.

Mistress—Have you made the chicken broth, Jane?

Jane—Yes, mum, and fed the chickens some it ages ago.

THE VERY TIME

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The need of delicate yet nutritious food is never felt so keenly as when a convalescent gets a set back on account of weak stomach. Then is when Grape-Nuts shows its power, for it is the most scientific and easily digested food in the world.

"About a year ago," says a Kansas woman, "my little six-year-old niece, Helen, left the invigorating and buoyant air of Kansas, where all her life she had enjoyed fairly good health, to live in the more quiet atmosphere of Ohio. She had a complete change of diet consisting of a variety of food, and of course a change of water, somehow she eventually contracted typhoid fever.

"After a long siege her case seemed hopeless, doctors gave her up, says she was nothing but skin and bones, couldn't eat anything and for weeks did not know even her father or mother. Her parents, wishing to get something delicate and nourishing, finally hit upon Grape-Nuts food for her and it turned out to be just the thing.

"She seemed to relish it, was soon conscious of her surroundings and began to gain health and strength so rapidly that in a short time she was well, playful and robust as if she had never been ill.

"We all feel that Grape-Nuts was the predominating factor in saving the sweet little girl's life."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A New Version.

Apropos of George Washington and the cherry tree, Senator Beveridge said at a dinner in Indianapolis:

"I asked a little boy the other day what this story was, and he actually didn't know. He said he knew, though, the story about the judgment of Solomon, and he proceeded to tell it to me:

"Solomon, he said, was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarreling about a baby. The first woman said, 'It is my child.' The second said, 'No, it is mine.'

"But Solomon spoke up and declared:

"'No, no, ladies, do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make two of him, so that each of you will be supplied.'"

Likely Enough.

Magistrate—You are accused of breaking into a house and—

Prisoner—It was all an accident, judge. I just felt a sort o' tired-like, an leaned again' the wall for to rest, an' I fell in. I tumbled through the hole.

Magistrate—Nonsense. The idea of a side of beef falling in with only a man's weight resting against it.

Prisoner—Please remember, judge, it was one o' these ere suburban houses wot's put up by contractors by the hundred, an' sold on installments.

Magistrate—Oh! You may go.

For Kidneys and Bladder.

Mrs. J. H. R.: We suggest that you write to Mr. A. A. Hitchcock, Building Dealer, East Hampton, Conn., and let him direct you to the remedy he successfully used at home in his own case. He will cheerfully reply to you.

The Washerwoman's Revenge.

Mr. De Sharp (anxiously)—I inadvertently sent my cuff buttons to the wash last week. Did you find them?

Washerwoman—Sure, Oi saw a couple in th' tub, but I have no time to be rubbin' around fur brass cuff buttons, an' Oi t'rew thim away.

Mr. De Sharpe (in horrified accents)—Threw them away! Those buttons were pure gold.

Washerwoman—Moy! moy! That's too bad, Oi never thought a young man such was always beatin' down a poor washerwoman's prices could afford to wear gold.

Harmful Medicines

cannot be sold by any druggist in America today except under penalty of the law. This is what the Pure Food and Drugs Law has accomplished for the people. Such standard preparations, however, as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for thirty years has stood the test of time and conquers with all conditions of this law, will continue to be sold by every reputable druggist in the land.

Rather Sooty.

Sandy Pikes—Pard, where did yer get dat caviare sandwich? Must be beating it in swell notes dese days.

Gritty George—Dat ain't caviare, Lady gimme some buttered bread an' in passing through Pittsburg de cinders turned it black.

Evidently a Bad Brand.

"What do you think, old man? They have named a cigar after me." So bragged the actor.

"What was the matter with the cigar? Wouldn't it draw?" So asked his friend.

TACKLES

No Use for That Kind.

"Miss Uppson," said the lady who was interested in charitable work, "we are getting up a raffle for a poor man who is out of work. Would you like to take a few chances?"

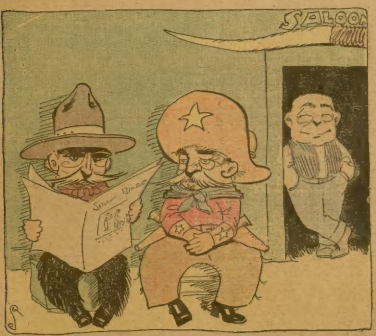
"No, thank you," replied the fair maid, "I wouldn't know what to do with a poor man if I happened to win him."

Safe and Sane Way.

His Wife—I'm going downtown this afternoon to buy a birthday present for you, George.

Her Husband—It isn't necessary for you to go to all that trouble, my dear. Just write down what you intend to buy for me, give me the money and I'll buy what I want.

DIFFERENT DRAW.



Bill—Here's a funny thing; th' paper says th' fight ended in a draw.
Jim—Wot's funny about that?
Bill—Well, it seems ter me that is th' way a fight would start.

Didn't Read It.

Ambitious Maiden—It's just too mean for anything. The editor sent my beautiful and pathetic story back without reading it.

Fond Mother—Dearie me! How do you know?

Ambitious Maiden—I've looked all through every page and there isn't a tear drop anywhere.

The Usual Thing.

"I say, doctor," queried the man who was looking for a little free advice, "what do you do when you have a cold?"

"The same as other people," answered the wise M. D. "I cough and sneeze."

As He Would Have It.

"Life," remarked the clerical-looking passenger, "is made up of trials."

"Yes," rejoined the man with the prosperous air, just across the aisle, "and I'm glad of it."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the c. t. p. in surprise. "Why are you glad?"

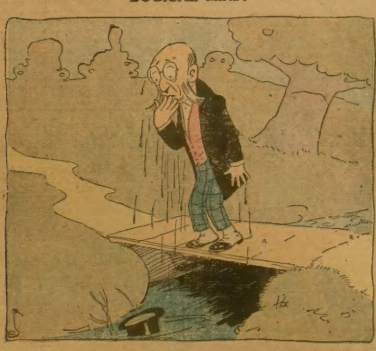
"Because," explained the other, "I am a lawyer."

The Explanation.

She—Mr. Flatleigh has such a low and gentle voice one can hardly hear what he is saying.

He—Naturally. He lives in a flat with thin partitions.

LOGICAL MIND.



Prof. Moonabout (who has just fallen into the creek; absently)—H'm! I suppose I shall have to fall in again and recover my hat!

Cupid's Hours.

"Tom," laughed the pretty girl, "this is the old red hammock you proposed in. It has had its day."

"Em—you mean it's night, don't you, dear?" responded her fiance.

Not Able to Forget.

"A man never forgets the mistakes he has made," said the moralizer.

"You bet he doesn't if he is a married man," rejoined the demoralizer. "His wife won't let him."

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An Airship Mystery;

Or, The Strange Story of Gloria

BY WELDON J. COBB

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Begun in No. 29, July 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIX.

DEAD!

"YES, she is dying!"

It was the doctor who had attended Ruth Chester for three days who spoke, and his face showed gravity and conviction.

"You do not mean that there is any immediate danger?" ventured Darrell anxiously.

"Yes, she may linger for some time, but a slight shock or unusual exertion may prove fatal at any moment."

Ruth had not seen Darrell after his strange proposition to wed her. How far his current pleadings had influenced her he could not surmise. Removed to her room, the landlady reported Ruth constantly in a weak delirious state and no longer insistent on her journey to the East.

It was immediately after the departure of the doctor that Darrell called the widow who owned the little cross-roads hotel, to a consultation. He talked over the situation with her. Then in her presence he had a talk with Chester and wife.

Her condition was pitiful. She weakly assented to all that Darrell said. Her spirit seemed completely broken. She was willing to return home if it was not too late now. The story of her past, of the real reason of her flight from Rose Cottage, it was evidently agreed neither would ever divulge to Mr. Chester or Gloria.

Darrell had only to glance at her wan, hopeless face to realize that she was not long for this world. One thought possessed him constantly, as he considered that he was seeking a veritable bride of death; he would be saving her good name, he would be saving Gloria from the heartbreak of knowing the real past of her beloved foster mother.

So about noon that day, quietly and with the landlady only as a witness, a clergyman summoned from the nearest town performed a simple marriage ceremony. For only a moment after the ceremony did Darrell remain in the room with the dying girl.

"Ruth," he said, "Ruth Tyson can never claim you now! Put all that old life away from your thoughts. Gloria need never know the truth. Your husband in name only, remember I am at your call, loyally, tenderly, to help you carry out your wishes and sweep away the past. You shall dictate my course when we return to Rose Cottage."

"I shall never see Rose Cottage again," voiced the sufferer weakly. "And you, oh great-hearted friend, have saved all of life for me!"

Her tears fell as she clasped the hand of Darrell. He could not repress his own tears. He kissed her reverently on the brow and left the room.

Darrell felt a dull, dead depression as he paced up and down the road in front of the house. He steadily refused to think of his own poignant regrets, as Gloria came into his mind. What would be the outcome of his marriage with Ruth he did not stop to consider. All that interested him, for the present at least, was the hope that the Chesters would soon arrive, that Ruth would return home, that her relatives would never know the story of her experience with Rolfe Tyson.

Within the hour the landlady came to tell him that Ruth had sunk into a deep lethargy, and that, alarmed for her, she had sent one of her boys for the doctor.

The latter looked very grave when he came out of the sick room, and said he could not determine the chances for the life of his patient until after a later visit.

Darrell decided that he must act at once. He made up his mind to get a horse and go to the nearest railway station and urge Mr. Chester to hasten to the side of his daughter. He was outthinking this plan to the landlady when the sound of clouds of dust down the road in the direction of Ilsie.

His heart beat fast as he looked out into the road and made out two occupants of an approaching motor vehicle. He drove. Darrell recognized Mr. Chester and Gloria. He wondered what his reception would be.

He was mistaken. The car driver's vehicle halted in front of the inn. Fire in his eyes, his manner stern and determined, Chester sprang from the wagon and advanced toward him.

"Villain!" he cried, clenching his hands. "My daughter!"

"Mr. Chester," began Darrell.

"Answer me!"

"Your daughter, my wife," responded Darrell, "is within this house."

"Your wife!" fell in a gasp from the lips of Gloria, who had overheard him.

She was just leaving the vehicle. She directed at him one piercing, scathing glance, turned white as marble, and, reeling, clutched at a hitching post for support.

Darrell fancied that she was about to faint. He sprang to her side. Gloria came upon the scene at that moment. Challenge, accusation, contempt flashed from her eyes. He could not explain. She passed him, drawing aside her dress as though there was contamination in his presence. Then, seeking her father's arm, both passed into the house.

What could he say—what could he do? In a dull lethargy Darrell went staggering over to a bench and sat down, feeling that his burden of life was too heavy to bear.

He was conscious of some unusual commotion about the place a little later. He could not arouse himself to question the cause. The ogres were hastily sent for, arrived. Then weeping and cries of distress reached him.

"She is dead," spoke the landlady, as she passed him an hour afterwards.

"Dead!" Then the tragedy was over, the misery of poor, lovable Ruth Chester ended. Darrell, who had played a part, as he understood it, like a man. He had saved the child from her recreant lover, had preserved her good name, only—Gloria, Gloria!

What now? He could never tell her the true, dramatic story—that was a sacred secret. In the memory of that sweet kiss in the pure white moonlight in the days gone by in the garden of Rose Cottage, it was cruelly hard to bear.

"It is all over," murmured Darrell, arising and aimlessly journeying into a side path. "I am so tired—too tired to battle, to hope, to think."

His brain reeled as he spoke, and he felt himself sinking to the ground. All things living faded from sense and sight. The reaction, after the struggle, brave man lay prone among the crushed flowers like a clod.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM THE PAST.

"Where am I? How long have I been here?"

Clyde Darrell asked himself these questions in a weak whisper. He found himself the occupant of a bed in a neat little room. In his eyes a puzzled look fell upon his hands. These were thin and white. His frame felt attenuated. The first vivid flash of consciousness convinced him that he had been ill, and for some time.

He was about to attempt to rise when the sound of voices in the adjoining room attracted him. The magic name that Gloria was uttered, causing his heart to beat faster.

"Yes" was spoken, "Miss Gloria stayed for two days after the funeral. She went away crying."

Darrell recognized the voice. It belonged to the landlady of the roadside inn. Then he was under the roof where Ruth had died, and Gloria—

"And what is to become of the young man?" inquired some feminine companions of the landlady.

"Goodness knows, it's a puzzling mystery. I can't understand it. I'm afraid that the girl Gloria acted as if her heart was turned when she saw him with her. Then he eloped with her sister. The old man, her father, was very bitter. All his friendship for the young man seemed to have turned to hate. Gloria acted as if her heart was turned to stone. When Darrell fell ill in this churchyard down near the village. When Mr. and Mrs. Chester died he lay by them like one dead. The doctor said he must have been under a terrible strain, and that he had reached the stage of delirium. Sure enough, it is three weeks today since he was brought here."

"Three weeks?" repeated Darrell wonderingly.

The doctor told Mr. Chester about the young man's condition.

"Poor fellow!" asked the landlady's companion.

"Yes, he hoped he would die, after breaking up his household."

"His household—too?"

"He wouldn't own him. The girl Gloria was more interested. She tried to act cold and indifferent. But I could see her heart fluttering in her throat, and a wild, queer look was in her eyes. She kept asking the doctor about Darrell. She kept putting off going home. The day she left, a strange thing happened."

"What was that?"

"She stole back to the next room."

"The sick room, where he is?"

"Yes. I caught her a-lingered in this room. I could see her through the open door. There she stood, white and still as a marble statue, staring down at the sick man."

"Was he awake?"

"No, he was in a wild delirium. He was raving like a demon. He was calling Ruth, then Gloria. It was all about sacrifice, and love's debt. It was pitiful to tell just what he meant, in all the great jumble of words, but one thing was sure—he had worried over one sister, while loving the other."

"Dear me!"

"It looked as if the girl Gloria realized this. The tears streamed down her face, she wrung her hands in distraction. Then she stooped over the sick man and tenderly kissed him. 'My darling!' I heard her whisper, and then she left the room sobbing as if her heart would break. That same day the Chesters left for home."

"Hush! he is moving," interrupted the auditor of the last speaker.

The landlady tiptoed into the room, but Darrell feigned sleep. Her story had thrilled him deeply. Could it be possible that Gloria cared for him?

Even if so, there was an insurmountable barrier between them—he felt assured. There was that to explain regarding Ruth which he could not explain. Mr. Chester had almost cursed him. No, no—all dream of love was past. He was forevermore an exile from Rose Cottage, and before him lay the bleak desert of blasted hope.

It was only a few days later he was able to leave the inn. He was still weak and ill, but he felt that he must engage in action. His plans were vague, but undefined. He must take up the burden of life anew. Where should he go?

He found that he had quite a small sum of his small savings left, and after settling his bill at the inn, which was very modest, the landlady made quite reasonable, he returned to Lisle.

It was Darrell's thought to try now to shut out all the past and begin the struggle for existence afresh. He planned to continue his journey to the far West and engage with some engineering or construction company.

Almost on the verge of purchasing his ticket at the railroad, Darrell hesitated. He tried to battle a wild impulse to journey in exactly the opposite direction. It was vain.

"Gloria! Gloria!" he murmured tenderly. "I must steal one last glance at her sweet face, only one. She will not know it, but it will sustain me as a bright memory in the dreary future."

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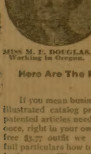
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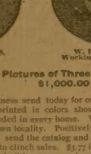
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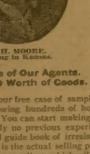
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It was the next afternoon at dusk when Darrell reached the vicinity of Rose Cottage. He lingered remote from the confines near the slumbering brook, waiting for dark to obscure his approach nearer to the house.

He sat resting and waiting on a grassy plot near a quaint rustic bridge crossing the stream. Absently he stirred to his feet.

A man came strolling to the structure from the direction of the cottage. He halted on the bridge, and, leisurely and lazily surveyed the beautiful scene about him.

That man—impossible!" gasped Darrell. A thousand wild thoughts surged through his mind. A vivid picture of the past flooded his memory. Then he started in a rapid pace towards the bridge.

"Stop!" ordered Darrell in a mandatory tone.

Want me" inquired the other.

"Yes!"

"All right—what is it?"

"That!" cried Darrell, in sharp ringing tones, "an explanation! Rolfe Tyson, I know you!"

CHAPTER XXI.

SLASH!

The man on the bridge gave a violent start. The color partially deserted his face. He glanced all about him as though fearful that some one else were with the white-haired lity. Then he braced his nerves strongly

"Who are you?" he shot out quickly.

Darrell did not at once reply. He was studying the man before him. The instant even at a distance, that his eyes had lit on the man in a flash the past was revived.

The sure conviction was forced to his mind that this was the man he had seen in the old dismantled structure in Chicago—the scene of the beginning of the plot which had culminated in the death of poor Ruth Chester.

Now that the man spoke, the sound of his voice was additional confirmation of Darrell's first suspicion. Instantly his heart had taken a new alarm. The presence of this man in the vicinity of Rose Cottage could bode nothing but evil for the Chester [illegible].

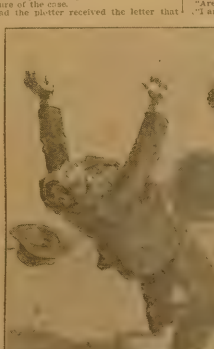
Recalling what he had overheard Tyson say in the city structure, Darrell knew that schemer had some definite knowledge of the secret of the missing fortune. All his fine lovemaking had led up to an interest in that feature of the case.

And the plotter received the letter that here, near the home of the family who, through your cruelty and indifference, mourn the death of a loved daughter and sister?"

Rolfe Tyson set his teeth grimly. His eyes had a baneful glare. He leaned towards Darrell with a ferocious look in his [illegible]

"Are you a [illegible]

"I am sure of it.



Thief!

Ruth had written from Lisle. Had he come on from Chicago to find her dead? Was he now in the vicinity of the home of the Chesters because he was bent on learning what chance there was for securing a clew of the whereabouts of the hidden fortune, or the fortune itself?

"You have asked me who I am," said Darrell at last. He faced Tyson sternly, and then held him motionless by the power of his eye. That man's face was a witness of your cruel inhuman treatment of an enemy, the detective, in an old dismantled building in Chicago."

Rolfe Tyson recoiled as though struck by a blow. He gasped, and his face betokened alien alarm.

"I am the man," continued Darrell, calmly but with impressive force, "who rescued you from the hands of your hordes of confederates the girl you deceived—Ruth Chester!"

"Hah!"

A vengeful light came into the eyes of the schemer. If he was fully mystified as to how Darrell could recite these hidden incidents in his past life, apparently he knew enough more of recent happenings to convince Darrell with flagrant brutality.

"I ask you, therefore, what are you doing

'And your motive in challenging me?'

"You know, demand, why you are here.

"My friend," observed Tyson, with a grim smile, "I can hardly realize what right you [illegible] to question my motives or dictate my [illegible]

—hall soon learn, unless—"

[illegible]

[illegible]

be made out two approaching figures. Even [illegible] he recognized Mr. Chester and Gloria.

It was not his thought nor the time nor the place to meet Gloria. The keen eyes of Tyson scrutinized him keenly as Darrell neared his arm.

If you do not wish to be unmasked, come with me," said Darrell quickly.

"Unmasked to whom?"

"The Chesters."

"You assume that I know them?"

"I am sure of it. There could be no other reasonable explanation of your being in this vicinity. You must come with me and tell [illegible] I insist upon knowing."

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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The Boy With Muscle;

Or, A 3,000-Mile Motor-Car Race

By Stephen Angus Cox

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CHAPTER XXII.

MAKER USE OF MUSCLE.

WHERE is the light?" asked Gerald, eagerly.

"Yonder, to the left. See it?"

"Let's go and investigate."

"All right; we will likely find shelter there."

They got out of the automobile and made their way toward the light. Presently they came to a little cabin, and the light was shining through a window in one side.

They found the door and Gerald knocked on it.

"Who's there?" came in a somewhat startled voice.

"Great Guns! it's Tully!" murmured Gerald.

He tried the door, and found that it wasn't fastened, so he pushed it open and entered the cabin, followed by Sandy.

Sure enough, there sat Tully and Seldon, each on either side of a table, smoking cigarettes and playing cards.

They looked up and Sandy a few moments in wonder, and then Tully exclaimed:

"Where did you fellows spring from, anyhow?"

"Oh, we happened along," said Gerald. "We got caught in the rain, and came in under the trees for shelter. Then Sandy caught sight of the light and we came here to see if we could find better shelter than the trees afford."

"You are welcome to stay," said Tully. "So far as that is concerned, you have as much right here as we have."

"Where is your machine?" asked Gerald.

"Oh, over by the road. We ran it under the trees when it got to raining hard, and then hunted around till we found this cabin."

"How long have you been here?"

"About an hour."

"Well, I didn't expect that we would find you here."

"We didn't expect that you would, either," with a smile, and a covert glance of significance at Seldon. "They were thinking of the loosened nut, and wondering why it was that Gerald old Sandy had succeeded in getting so far.

"They must have discovered it before the nut worked loose and dropped off," said Tully to himself.

They talked a while, and Gerald told about his automobile having dropped into a hole—that is, he thought on the right-hand side, and he said he feared it would be hard work to get it up on level ground again.

Again Tully and Seldon exchanged covert glances. The thought came to them that this would give a chance to get a start ahead of their rivals.

They lay down on their blankets—which they had brought from the automobiles—on the floor, and were soon asleep. They slept soundly till morning, when they found, to their delight, that it was not raining.

They went to their automobiles and brought food to the cabin and ate breakfast.

Gerald and Sandy looked at their car and discovered that their machine was going to be hard to get out onto the level ground.

Gerald did not believe it would be possible for them, alone, to do it, and he hated to ask Tully and Seldon to help.

These scruples had to be put aside, however, and so, after they had eaten, he asked Tully if he and Seldon would help get the car righted.

"I'm very sorry," replied Tully, coolly; "but you know, we can't afford to lose the time. You know, our understanding was that we were to go on we pleased, each fellow for himself, and by that agreement I shall be doing right in going on my way. I really am sorry, but I am powerless in an agreement, and you will have to look out for yourselves."

Gerald's face flushed with anger.

"So," Tully," he said, "I think that is about as mean a trick to play a fellow as could well be imagined. If you were in trouble, and asked us to help you, we would do it."

"I'm not at all sure of that!" was the sneering reply.

"You know it," shortly. "And another thing, Tully, we know that you loosened a nut on our machine, back at Pineapple, with the intention of causing us a lot of trouble and delay. And I want to tell you that I don't think much of a fellow that will stoop to such trickery as that in order to triumph in a race!"

"Who said that I loosened a nut on your machine?" sputtered Tully.

"A young man who was standing not far away saw you, and he told us when we came out; and Sandy found the nut loosened and tightened it again."

"Bah, the fellowed lied!" snarled Tully. "I didn't do it."

"We believe that you did," said Gerald. "He told us about it, and we found the nut loose, and that ought to be proof enough."

"He probably did it himself, and then told you I did it, just to win a little praise from you, and get thanks."

"That's all right," said Gerald; "but your refusal to help us get our car righted proves that you are not one to scruple to take advantage of a person, for your own benefit."

"Bah! We were to go as we pleased, each fellow for himself, and I don't feel that there is any necessity for me to help you out of trouble, now that you have gotten into it. Look out for yourself, and I'll do the same."

"All right! We'll look out for ourselves, and will get the car righted without your help—and we'll beat you to San Francisco, too, just as sure as anything!"

"I see you doing it!" with a sneering laugh. "Well, so long, fellows. I'll be waiting for you, in San Francisco."

"That remains to be seen!" grimly.

Again Tully laughed, and with a word to Seldon, turned and strode away, to right his car stood.

They got in, started the machine, and moved slowly out onto the road, and quickly disappeared from view.

Gerald and Sandy looked at each other for a few moments, and then the former said:

"Well, it's up to us, old fellow. We must get the car righted, and quickly, too. The question is, How are we to do it?"

Sandy looked at the car a few moments, and then shook himself and said:

"With the aid of a lever, Gerald. I think I can pry it up, so that you can get it out of the hole, all right."

"Good! Let's find a lever at once!"

They looked around and presently found a stout stick, that they thought would answer. They placed this under the bed of the car, and Sandy took hold of the other end of the stick, and got ready to lift. Gerald got into the car, and took hold of the starting-lever.

"Ready, Sandy," he said; "lift whenever you like."

Sandy began lifting. The veins came out on his neck like whipcords, but he kept on lifting, and slowly but surely the car came up, till the front wheel was almost even with the level ground. Then Gerald turned on the power, and the car moved forward, and the front wheel rolled up onto the level ground, out of the hole.

"Now hold it steady a few moments, Gerald," said Sandy, panting; "as soon as I get my breath and a new hold, we'll have the hind wheel up there, too."

"All right, Sandy; but, say, don't break your back, old fellow!"

"No danger. I am all right. That lift didn't bother me much."

"You're a wonder!" said Gerald, admiringly.

"Well, I'm glad that my muscle is being put to some use," with a smile.

"One thing is certain," said Gerald; "if we get into San Francisco ahead of Tully and Seldon, and win the race, it will be because of your muscle. Without you we should have been stuck here perhaps all day."

Sandy laughed, and then said:

"I'm going to lift, now; be ready to start the car the proper moment."

"All right."

Again Sandy lifted. He put forth all his strength, and then, surely the end of the car rose till the hind wheel was "even with the top of the road. Then Gerald turned on the power, and the car moved forward and was quickly on level ground.

Sandy dropped the stick and panted a few moments, after which he moved around and got in beside Gerald.

"We're all right, now," he said.

"Yes, thanks to you, Sandy. And now—we're off again, and we'll reach San Francisco ahead of Tully, or know the reason why!"

Then he cranked the machine, moved slowly to the road, and once out on it, put on the speed and went dashing along at a great rate, sending the mud flying high in the air behind the automobile.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN DEATH VALLEY!

They reached Yuma, and crossed the Colorado River, and then sped away, toward the northwest.

On they sped, all day, and after stopping half an hour at a little village, for supper, they continued onward again.

"I wonder how Tully and Seldon are making it?" remarked Gerald, as they were dashing along.

"I don't know."

"I judge that they think we were left behind so bad that we can never catch up."

"Likely."

"Well, I think we'll fool them."

"I think so."

On they went till about eleven o'clock, and then they went into camp for the night.

They were up early next morning and after eating their breakfast of cold food, they got into the machine and dashed onward again.

About the middle of the forenoon they found themselves in a desert. They noted a peculiar fact, which was, that they were descending.

Down and still down they went, and they remarked upon the phenomenon.

"We are down in a sort of immense basin," said Gerald.

"Yes," agreed Sandy; "it looks as if it might have been an inland sea at some remote period of the past."

"You are right; and—say!"

The exclamation escaped him like the crack of a whip, and he looked at Sandy excitedly.

"Well?" queried Sandy.

"I have it!" cried Gerald.

"Have what?"

"I know where we are!"

"Well, what place is it, then?"

"Death Valley!"

Sandy started and looked at Gerald in consternation, and then looked about him. Certainly the great basin looked desolate enough to warrant the name of Death Valley.

"I've heard of Death Valley," he said.

"Yes; and—this is it!"

"I more than half think that you are right."

"I am sure of it. Look at all sides of nothing but sand—but, shimmering sand!"

"There is some human bones, now and," suddenly exclaimed Sandy, pointing.

Gerald looked and gave utterance to an exclamation and brought the car to a stop close beside a heap of bones beside the trail.

"Skeleton of human," he gasped.

"Yes," nodded Sandy.

Gerald mopped the perspiration from his face with his handkerchief.

"Say, I don't like this, Sandy!" he said. "It isn't pleasant, I can tell you."

"You're right it isn't! Say, I wonder if we hadn't better turn back and go around the Valley?"

Sandy stared ahead, across the shimmering sands, and pondered.

"I don't know, Gerald," he said; "it would cause the loss of a lot of time."

"So it would."

"It might cause you to lose the race."

"True."

"We can go so fast in the automobile, compared to the speed of ordinary travelers,

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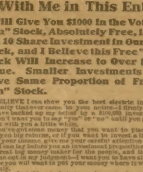

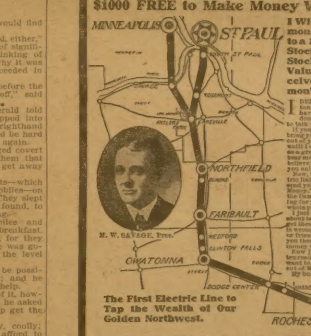

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that, so it seems to me, there cannot be a great deal of danger, Gerald."

"Unless we should get lost."

"True; that would be dangerous."

Gerald hesitated, looked longingly ahead, and then suddenly cranked the machine and it moved swiftly forward.

"We'll go across, or die trying!" he said, grimly.

"We have plenty of food and water, Gerald."

"Yes; and there are occasional oases, they say."

"Shall have passed."

On moved the automobile, at a swift pace. The sand was not very soddly packed, and this made it impossible to go at top speed, but they were at a pretty lively pace, nevertheless.

On and still on they dashed, and about noon they caught sight of a little dot in the distance, which, as they drew nearer, proved to be a small circle of bushes and small trees.

"An oasis!" exclaimed Sandy.

It must be. Sandy. We'll stop there and eat dinner, and rest a little while in the shade."

"Say, that will be fine! I'm just about hurried to a crisp."

"Here, too. The sun certainly is hot!"

"Hot is no name for it!"

A few minutes later they entered the clump of trees and bushes, and near the center they found a little open space of perhaps a fourth of an acre, in which was a spring of clear, cold water.

"Say, that looks inviting, Gerald!"

"It certainly does."

They leaped out, took out the provisions and sat down in the shade and ate their dinner, washing the food down with draughts from the cool water of the spring.

When they finished, they lay down in the shade, and rested an hour. They felt that needed to lay out of the blinding glare of the sun for at least that long.

When the hour was up, however, they got into the automobile and rolled out of the oasis and away toward the west.

It was very hot, and the breeze that was created by the speed at which they were traveling felt hot, as if coming from a furnace.

It was terrible. Their lips became dry and parched, and their tongues felt twice their normal size.

They looked eagerly and longingly ahead for some sign of the end of the desert.

They were becoming somewhat fearful that they might get lost and fail to get out alive.

On they went, steadily, till about two o'clock, and then they caught sight of an object in the distance. It was a mere speck, but it grew larger as they advanced, until, they were able to make out what it was.

"Automobiles, by the great Jehoshaphat!"

"I'll wager it is Tully's car!" exclaimed Gerald, excitedly.

"I judge that you are right," agreed Sandy. "I wonder why they have stopped?" The car is motionless.

"I don't know. And, where are they?" "I can't see them."

The occupants of the car, if occupants there were, were not visible.

They surely have not become crazed by the heat and got out and wandered away!" murmured Gerald. "If so, then it is all up with them."

"You are right, Gerald," soberly.

A few minutes later, Gerald brought his car to a stop near Tully, and they could see that the two youths were lying in the bottom of the car, motionless and evidently unconscious.

"Overcome by the terrible heat," said Gerald.

"Yes: what is to be done, Gerald?"

"Well, we are going to give them in the lunch, like they did us," quietly. "You will get in this car, and I will go with Sandy. I guess we had better lift Seldon into this car, and that will give you more room!"

This was done, and Sandy got into Tully's car and started it.

Away they sped, toward the west. They did not take time to do more than moisten the lips of Tully and Seldon with water, before starting, but every little while they would force a little water between the lips of the unconscious youths.

"As soon as we get out of here, we will attend to them properly," said Gerald.

"Yes," agreed Sandy. "We can't afford to take time now."

On they dashed, and just as the sun was touching the top of the mountains far to the west, the cry of Sandy, with more or less profanity, came to Gerald.

"Thank goodness!: we are safe now!" cried Gerald, as he climbed stumbling out of the car.

CHAPTER XXIV.

END OF THE RACE.

Half an hour later, the four youths, all feeling pretty well considering the terrible experience they had been through, were eating their supper and talking of their trip through the terrible Death Valley.

Tully and Seldon explained that they had run out of water, their tank having sprung a leak, and the heat had then, combined with the thirst, driven them mad for they had been overpowered and sank down unconscious. Tully had had strength and sense enough, before lapsing into unconsciousness, to stop the car, which was very fortunate, for had it continued running after he sank down, senseless, the chances were that it would send them away down into the heart of Death Valley and become smashed, with the result that they would have perished.

"As it is, I feel that we owe our lives to you," said Tully, with more showing of earnestness and feeling than Gerald had ever known him to exhibit before.

"You are welcome for what we did for you," replied Gerald. "We could not come on and leave you there in the desert to perish, you know."

"Certainly not!" from Sandy.

"Well, you have done us a good turn, on top of one done you in leaving us when you stuck in the hole. How did you manage to get out, anyway?"

"By means of Sandy's strength," said Gerald. "He pried the car up with a pole, and I managed to get it out onto level ground."

The two looked at Sandy wonderingly.

"Jove, but you must be strong, indeed!" said Tully.

"I should say so!" from Seldon.

"I guess I have a little muscle," smiled Sandy.

The four had gone through such an exciting experience that Sandy and Gerald agreed that they should remain where they were till morning, and then start even.

They lay down and slept quite soundly the night through. Then they got up with the sun, ate breakfast and got into their automobiles and were ready for the start.

"You take the lead, Gerald," said Tully. "We'll trail you till we come to a road that looks good, and then we'll part company—and may I see you or reach San Francisco first."

"All right, Tully," said Gerald, and he cranked the machine and it moved away toward the west.

They kept together till after noon, and ate dinner together. But about the middle of the afternoon they came to a point where there were forked trails.

One looked to be about the other, and Tully called out:

"Here's where we part, Hotchkiss. Take whichever trail you like, and I'll take the other."

Gerald nodded and turned up the lefthand trail. Tully turned up the righthand trail, and as Gerald looked at the perhaps two yards space between the cars, they waved their hands and yelled good-bye.

A few minutes later and were a mile apart, and they soon lost sight of each other altogether.

"Now it's each fellow for himself again," said Gerald to Sandy, "and we're in the race, or know the reason why, Sandy!"

"I hope that we may do so, Gerald."

On they sped, the big, growing rougher all the time, for it was a constant, gradual ascending.

Ahead loomed the grand peaks of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and when these should have been crossed and left behind, the way would be clear and smooth, for the run would be up the great Sacramento Valley, through a fertile, level farming region, where the roads might reasonably be expected to be fairly good.

Up and still up the mountains went the automobiles, until, at last the Tejon Pass was reached.

Through this pass Gerald drove the automobile at greater speed than any vehicle had ever traveled there before, and finally down on the other side of the mountains went the motor car.

Gerald developed a reckless streak most unexpectedly, when they were part way down, and he drove down the rough trail and around the corners at a perilous speed.

Finally Sandy, remembering his promise to Grace, placed his hand on Gerald's left arm and said, quietly, but firmly:

"You are going too fast, Gerald. You must slacken speed, and go more carefully, or we will be killed or take a header over a precipice and then who will win the race?"

Gerald laughed excitedly, but did not slacken speed or take his eyes off the trail ahead.

"I like it all right, Sandy," he said; "we're making time, I tell you! We will keep on at the speed, and I'll wager that will beat Tully into San Francisco, all right."

"You must slow down!" said Sandy sternly. "Remember your sister, and think how she would grieve if anything should happen to you."

"Oh, we'll get down safely, all right," replied Gerald, petulantly. "There'll be no smashup."

"You have got to slow down!" said Sandy, sternly. "If you don't, I'll take charge of the machine and drive it to the low grounds myself! You take your choice. I promised your sister that I would not permit you to be reckless in the mountains, and I'm going to keep my word!"

Gerald's face flushed angrily, and it was plain that he was on the point of losing temper; but he thought better of it, laughed, and slackened speed.

"There, how does that suit you?" he asked, dryly but well. That will be all right, I think."

"I'm glad you are satisfied, Sandy."

"Well, I wouldn't have cared so much, for myself, but I promised Grace to hold you down in a reasonable pace in the mountains, and I always try to keep my promises."

"I know you do, and I'm glad that you have kept your promise to Grace. I begin to realize, now, that I was going at a reckless pace. I guess I was somewhat excited."

"You certainly were, old fellow!"

They reached Redlands before nightfall, and stopped and ate supper at a little restaurant. They spent an hour of rest, and then they set out again.

They kept on till about eleven o'clock and reached Los Angeles.

"Here's the place to spend the rest of the night!" said Gerald.

They went to a good hotel and went to bed and slept till morning. Then, however they got up, and ate breakfast and got into the automobile and set out up the Sacramento Valley.

They would have smooth sailing now, comparatively speaking, the roads in this part of the country were pretty good, and good speed could be maintained.

"I wonder where Tully and Seldon are?" remarked Gerald, as they went bowling along.

"Hard telling," was the reply.

"I wonder if they have made as good time as we have."

"I don't see how they could, Gerald."

On they sped. Gerald kept the automobile going at top speed, and late the next afternoon they arrived in San Francisco—or rather at the edge of the earthquake-and-fire-ruined city. They would only permitted only to go so far, as no one was allowed to enter the ruined district.

They had no desire to enter, however. They could see enough of the horrors of the situation, from where they were.

They had been there just an hour, when an automobile appeared in the distance, coming to the southward.

"There comes Tully, now, I'll wager!" exclaimed Gerald.

"Likely you are right," agreed Sandy.

And he was. The automobile was that of Tully, and when he came up and found Gerald and Sandy there to receive him, he was terribly disappointed.

"What did I tell you?" smiled Gerald. "I said that we would be here to welcome you."

"You win," said Tully, sourly. "I thought sure that we would beat you, but it can't be helped. You got here first, and have won the wager."

"I am going to telegraph to New York at once," said Gerald, "and order the stakeholder to send the checks to General Fred Funston, to be used in relieving the hunger of the homeless people."

And he did. The four youths remained there a week, and when the checks reached General Funston, he thanked Gerald in person, and assured him that the money would be gratefully received and that the money would be used to the very best advantage.

"I am sure of that," said Gerald, "and you are more than welcome to it."

The four youths started, then, for New York in their automobiles, but traveled at a moderate rate of speed, and kept together. Tully and Seldon seemed to be different fellows from what they had been, for they were considerate and friendly, and Gerald felt it was a very enjoyable one indeed.

They reached New York in due time, without adventure, and were given a rousing reception by the club members, and a banquet was held in the club rooms that evening.

The principals in the great race had to tell their story, and it was listened to intently, and the members listened with interest.

All voted it a wonderfully close race, when the distance and difficulties of the trip, were taken into consideration.

Tully declared that he was not satisfied, and would like to have a chance to race again, and Gerald said that he would be only too glad to accommodate him.

Grace Hotchkiss thanked Sandy earnestly for looking after Gerald and preventing him from being reckless, and he told her that his promise to do the same way again, if another race was arranged.

That the exacting of promises might not be all on one side, Sandy succeeded in extracting a promise from Grace to the effect that when he was of age, and in business for himself and able to support a wife, she would marry him.

Gerald declared that he owed the winning of the race to the fact that he had Sandy, a boy of muscle, with him; and he said that he had no doubt Sandy would be largely instrumental in winning the second race, if it should be run.

"One thing is certain, I wouldn't make the race unless you could be with me, Sandy," he said.

"I'll be with you," said Sandy.

And he was. A month later the race was run, and Gerald won again, this time by a

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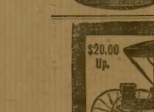

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margin of five hours. And as before, the wonderful muscular ability of Sandy came into play in several instances, and enabled Gerald to get out of tight places and win handily.

The end.

For Love of Odette.

(Continued from page twelve.)

once and for all was too good to be lost, and he put forth his best efforts to hold the advantage he had secured.

Young blood told in the end, and Senhor Carlos finally yielded with a gasp of malevolent disgust, stretching out upon the ground helpless, as a token that he was all in; but the wireless man had little faith in his profession of surrender and proceeded to hold his pistol ready while he summoned reinforcements.

The fact that there had been no attempt on the part of the other to call for help would seem to indicate that he was alone, the other two fellows having run off for good at the time Miles stoned them out of the ruins.

When Saunders appeared in answer to the call of the sailor he was surprised beyond measure at what he saw.

Under Miles' instruction the old farmer secured the arms of the prowler with some tough twine taken from his harvester in the barn; but before this happened Miles had to answer the excited calls of the women from above, they having been awakened by the racket, and explain that everything was serene.

So since Senhor Carlos had been so very anxious to make his entry into the farmhouse, he was accommodated; but from the look on his face he did not seem to appreciate the warm attentions of his two captors, nor their solicitude concerning his comfort.

Making up his mind that there was no use in trying to sleep longer the farmer took his gun and walked up and down around the house until the peep of day announced that all danger was of the past.

The party assembled around the breakfast table, with Senhor Carlos tied fast in a chair in the corner; now and then he laughed, but it was forced merriment, and the look of gloom that spread over his face between times more nearly expressed the state of his feelings, for his future seemed dark indeed.

When the meal was over Miles went out and brought in the box that had been the source of so many tragic happenings to the Morris family.

It was wrapped in many folds of oilskin, which being removed and the lid pried up, a magnificent collection of diamonds of the first water was revealed.

How the black eyes of the bound man snapped as he saw the gems dropping from the fingers of Miles like glittering sparks—here was the object of his ardent dreams, the treasure that lay at the foot of his rainbow, and now these cold-blooded people were calmly discussing sending by wireless to Washington for a well known detective to come out with a couple of officers, and escort the booty to the city, there to deliver the priceless collection over to some trust company, to be held for the heir who might never appear.

Realizing that his quest was now ended, and that he faced a serious charge if Saunders chose to press the matter, Senhor Carlos let his head fall in dejection, as if ready to give up the ghost.

He was beaten to a finish.

Those at the table were merry enough, for with the coming of another dawn all their troubles had seemed to vanish like magic.

Odette appeared particularly pleased to think she was about to get rid of the onerous trust that had been committed to her hands by her father; it had remained a curse to the Morris family through several generations, and Miles had rightly declared that he did not mean to allow it to disturb her sleep longer than would be required in the transfer to the bank vaults in Washington.

"To think that today I am released from my guardianship of this terrible legacy," she exclaimed, coming around to the side of Miles, who was fastening the box again, so that it could be the more easily transported when he set out for the city guarded by the officers to be sent for; "I only hope my dear father would approve of what we are about to do. Surely the curse of Salmon Wagner must now have lost its power, especially in so far as the Morris family is concerned. But dearest, why do you look at me like that—what has happened—what have I said to disturb you?"

"What name did you mention—Salmon Wagner? Why, that's a funny thing, but do you know my mother's grandfather bore that name, and I always believed there could not have been another like it on earth. And he was for some years in South America, too, I remember. Look here, wouldn't it be the most astonishing thing that ever happened if he should prove to be the very old money-lender you've been talking about all this while? And do you know, darling, you never once mentioned his name until this moment. I'm dazed," exclaimed Miles, falling back into a chair.

Senhor Carlos pricked up his ears, while the look of disgust deepened on his face.

"And I'm so excited I hardly know what to do. This Salmon Wagner had one daughter, and we lost track of her; but her name was Rebecca Jane before her marriage. No one could tell us the name of her husband, and as Salmon was dead and had lost nearly all of his wealth before departing to the other world we found ourselves at a standstill there. How does that agree with your family record, dearest?" she continued, looking eagerly into his face.

He laughed heartily.

"This certainly beats anything I ever heard of. You spend your little cash advertising for the heir of Salmon Wagner, so that he may come and relieve you of the burden and care of these delightful gems here, and all the while that same mysterious individual is cuddling you in his arms, blissfully unaware of the great fortune that lies awaiting his pleasure. Yes, my grandmother's name was certainly Rebecca Jane, and I have the family Bible to prove all I claim, besides many other things that will count in court. My dear, make up your mind that the curse my respected but vindictive ancestor placed upon the glorious stones—note that I don't call them hard names any more—has now been called off, and from this time forward they shall be made to carry out their destiny by providing happiness for the heir of old Salmon Wagner, and his dearest girl. I'll buy my freedom from the navy at once, we'll be married, and then, darling, we can carry out our long cherished dreams of building the old Morris home again over the ruins where our treasure-trove lay so long in hiding. It will be just great!"

"Oh! Miles, it seems like a dream, and that I shall awaken to find the same old conditions facing us. But you are here, and there is the box, and yes, we have Senhor Carlos for company, so it must be genuine," she cried, from the shelter of his arms.

Miles looked at the prisoner and seeing the appealing expression on his face, grinned.

"Things have gone so delightfully for me that I guess I can afford to be a bit magnanimous; so Senhor Carlos, I'm going to let you loose after the officers arrive to escort my girl and myself, together with this box to the city. See to it that you leave the country, or you may yet have to settle with me for what you've done. Now I'll go and see if I can get Billy on the wire, and induce him to send that detective out on the ten-ten train."

Of course this was readily done, and in due time the officers came, much surprised at their strange errand, until they had heard the whole story, when they congratulated the young people on the wonderful good fortune that had befallen them.

The trip to Washington was made in safety, and the box placed in the vault of a big bank, subject to the order of the heir of Salmon Wagner.

Following out his promise Miles turned the Brazilian loose, and the latter had the nerve to offer his hand and congratulations to the young people; he had been fairly beaten by a resistless fate that had shaped the destinies of the lovers, and knew when he had enough. They never saw him again after that day.

Miles easily proved that he was the sole heir of Salmon Wagner, the money-lender of Rio Janeiro of fifty-three years back, and after that all scruples about utilizing the legacy vanished.

Of course he and Odette were married, and today a noble mansion stands on the site of the ruins, built during the summer and fall succeeding the return of the battleship fleet from its world cruise; and among other things Miles keeps the crude but effective instrument with which he sent that wireless message to Billy, that was the means of turning the tide, and doubtless baffling the clever trick of the Brazilian plotter's assistant, the woman hypnotist.

He expects to erect a wireless mast that will enable him to enjoy many a chat with Billy, now further removed than Washington; and never can he touch that key without vivid memories flooding his mind, memories that not only cover the immediate past but stretch out further to the strange scenes he witnessed on that record breaking trip around the world, when those sixteen battleships carried a message from Uncle Sam to the nations of the world—a message that breathed of peace and good will to all mankind.

The end.

An Airship Mystery.

(Continued from page eleven.)

"Be it so, then," muttered Tyson, shrugging his shoulders carelessly.

He followed Darrell across the bridge and down the stream to quite a distance.

When they at length halted, it was near the deep water above the dam where Darrell once rescued Ruth Chester from death. They were well sheltered from the bridge and at a secluded spot now.

"Well, what have you to say?" demanded Tyson.

Clyde Darrell began at the beginning. He went back to that night at the old dismantled house in the city. Circumstantially he narrated all the facts up to the time of the death of unhappy, unfortunate Ruth Chester.

"You are here now to continue your wicked work," he ruthlessly charged his companion. "You have robbed Mr. Chester of a daughter, and you are now trying to rob him of a fortune."

"And you propose to interfere, do you?" demanded Tyson, stealthily coming nearer to his accuser.

"I do. What have you to say?"

"This!"

With lightning quickness the hand of the villain went to his breast.

Thud!

Something dark cut the air, and landed on the head of the undefended Darrell.

Then—splash!

CHAPTER XXII.
THE DETECTIVE.

"How long have I been here?"

"Since a week ago today."

"Incredible!"

"Yes, it is true. Feeling all right now? You have been having a hard tussle of it. I fancy you were not in the best of trim when you found yourself in the current of that river. Fell in?"

"No, knocked in. Say—"

There Clyde Darrell checked himself, and he fell back onto the pillow of the cot where he lay, and put his hands wonderingly to his head in an attempt to revive coherency and memory.

This was his first conscious moment since the episode at the rustic bridge near Rose Cottage. The interim was a dead blank. He had come back to life, to be told by an utter stranger to him that for just a week he had lain as one dead.

Darrell experienced a dull, dumb sensation at the side of his head. It was there that Tyson had dealt him that sudden cowardly blow. He looked around the place in which he found himself. It seemed to be the interior of a small hut, very old and poor in its furnishings, but for all that clean and comfortable looking. The man whom he had addressed was a total stranger to him, as has been said. He was a well-built individual, with dark face garnished with a sidebeard and a heavy mustache. He wore colored glasses, and would remind one of a professional doctor, artist or journalist.

"I do not know how I came here," spoke Darrell, sitting up and curiously surveying his companion. "I suppose you can explain that, however?"

"Yes," nodded the other coolly. "I picked you out of the river, pretty nearly at your last gasp. That was a week ago."

"And I have been here since?"

"That's it."

"I certainly owe you some gratitude."

"Let it pass. I have some questions to ask you when you are ready."

"I shall be glad to reply to them," said Darrell. "Only first let me inquire—are we near the river where you rescued me?"

"Right on its bank."

Darrell expressed in his face and with a deep sigh of manifest relief his satisfaction at this disclosure. His companion, studiously observing his features, evidently noted this token with particularity. Behind the glasses his eyes glowed with interest. He sat down on a stool near the cot.

"See here," he said in a brisk, businesslike way, "call me Burton, newspaper knockabout. I fished you out of the creek here. Had just leased this old hut for a few days, and naturally brought you here. Have sort of nursed you since. In your illness you mentioned some names. They happen to have a certain significance and interest for me, so I have been quite anxious for you to wake up and throw some light on the subject. You say you were knocked into the river?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"A cowardly villain!"

"For what reason?"

"Because I interfered with his plans."

"Will you tell me his name?"

Darrell hesitated. All along the line strange things were happening. The interest of this stranger, who announced himself as Burton, was inexplicable, yet something in the man's eager face and glowing eyes invited confidence.

"His name is Rolfe Tyson," said Darrell.

He could notice that Burton's form became rigid, that he was moved in some strong way, but under powerful self-control.

"Tell me your story," said the stranger, suddenly and with vehemence. "See here, you can trust me. I will say only one thing to reassure you. That man Tyson is evidently your enemy. He is mine as well. Your motive is to unmask him, is it not? Mine is to hunt him down to the direful punishment he has earned. Tell me your story. Then I may disclose to you information that may enlighten and astound you."

"Very well," acquiesced Darrell. "It can make no difference to any one, I fancy. I am a very unimportant element in the world. My life is pretty well broken up. Perhaps if I find a friend in you, I may see some chance to mend it."

"Who knows?" interlocuted the other.

Darrell told the story of his life from the beginning. He had not proceeded far before he was aware that he had a most extraordinary auditor. Burton seemed to take in the simple narrative as though its facts were food and drink for him.

"Well!" he ejaculated with a great gulp and gasp, as Darrell brought his story down to the pending moment.

"I have interested you?" inquired Darrell.

"More—you have amazed me!"

Burton began pacing the floor of the hut in a strangely excitable way. He locked his hands behind him, his eyes were glistening, his strong face was sentient with some powerful emotion. He seemed revolving over and over in his mind all that Darrell had told him.

"It is wonderful, startling, almost incredible!" he repeated several times. "You are Clyde Darrell?"

"That is certainly my name."

"And you were at the lonely house in Chicago? You it was who rescued Ruth Chester?"

"As I have told you."

"Look at me!"

It was a stirring command. The speaker posed erect, with flashing eyes, in the full light of the glowing day coming in at the open window of the humble little structure.

"I am looking," said Darrell in a puzzled way.

"Do you know me?"

"Only as my friend of an hour."

"Look again."

Darrell shook his head.

"You never saw me before?"

"Never."

"I think you did."

"Where?"

"In Chicago."

"When?"

"The night you rescued Ruth Chester. Look close, think back. I was in that building, but not disguised as now."

"Then—then you must be—the detective!"

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

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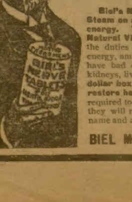
This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest-acting restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3781 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.



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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

STRANGE.

"I think," said Elizabeth Jane,
"To the general eye it is plain,
That Rosalie May
Grows larger each day.
Her dress must be lengthened again.

"Each time it is washed, goodness knows,
How many more inches she grows.
'Twas ever that way
With Rosalie May,
That dress, when 'twas new, reached her toes.

"You may not believe, but 'tis true—
Each washing would prove it to you—
If Rosalie May
Keeps growing each day,
Not one of her dresses will do."

Maggie's Children.

Maggie was a setter, a beautiful brown dog with long ears and a silky coat, and eyes almost as big and pathetic as a child's.

She was a great favorite in the family, but her own special love was showered on her master, and as Maggie was a "wise dog" her feelings were tried when he went off with his regiment. She was sorrowful at first, and would lie mournfully outside his door for whole hours at a time, but soon five puppies came to cheer her she picked up wonderfully. Ever after Maggie devoted to the care of these remarkable children, and by the end of a very few weeks when their eyes were well opened and they were beginning to romp and tumble over their mother, Maggie's master arrived suddenly one morning and the whole household was in joyful tumult. Maggie heard the crunching of the buggy wheels, and that was enough for her. Half mad with delight, she scattered her family and rushed to the front gate.

Yes, and there he was, safe and sound. Maggie jumped on him, licked his face and whined and wagged her tail; in short, did everything but speak. Then a sudden thought struck her, and she bounded off. The next moment she reappeared with a puppy in her mouth. As she was not satisfied until she had brought all five and placed them at her master's feet for inspection.

A proud and happy mother was Maggie on that day as she stood by and watched her babies petted and caressed, a wonderful look in the depths of those brown eyes of hers that spoke plainer than words the love and devotion to her master which prompted her to share her treasure with him.

Corncob Pipe.

"Yes, Mr. Drake, it's a very nice stove, but it has an awful odor."

TWO VIEWS.

A mouse begged, "Oh, mother, please,
The moon, they say, is made of cheese;
Let's go there, you and I, mine own
Could never catch us if we ran."

"Dear," said the parent, "I've a mind
To buy you specs; you seem so blind.
Had you the sight of any cat
You'd see that man is just a cat."

THE GARDEN PARTY.

You never would have once supposed
There was to be a fete,
So telltale signs was visible,
For spring was very late.
But down beneath the garden fence,
Where folks exclusive neat compliments
Sweet Hyacinth had asked a few
Select and friendly flowers she knew
To come and dine in state.

The flowers that were the first to come
Were those from wood and dell,
Achatus came quite early,
For she'd no way to tell
Up in the woods beneath the trees
Just how to time the hour to please.
She hinted to be "swell."

The violet and anemone
Then followed hand in hand,
The bloodroot and hepatica,
And all the woodland band.
But those that near the lindens grew
Refused to go until they knew
It was the time she planned.

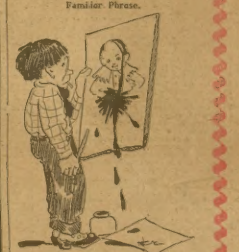
Now, after they had dined in state
On perfumes rare and sweet,
And quenched their thirst with drops of dew,
They thought it would be meet
To choose a May Queen for the day,
As English flowers do, they say,
'Twould make their fete complete.

The hostess said, "Please choose a queen."
Her guests were all so shy—
They really did not like to say—
Each one was thinking "me,"
'Well have to take a secret vote."
On blades of grass they quickly wrote,
None did the other's see.

When all the votes were counted up
The tulip read them through,
While each shy blossom hung her head
And flushed a little, too.
How could it all have come about?
Not one of them had been left out!

One vote for each, not two nor three,
Nor four, as they could choose,
There really was no time to lose
And yet they talked till evening dews
Quite drenched their dainty gowns.
They said "Good-night" and hastened home.
Their faces dark with frowns.
And each one said, "How very mean!
Why couldn't we have had a queen?"

Familiar Phrase.



"A spoiled child."

Philosopher's Stone.

The philosopher's stone could change iron and lead into gold at a touch. It was a valuable substance, and many wise men searched for it and died in medieval times and even later. It is rather a pity that it was not found.

Every alchemist or dabbler in chemicals was sure that he would period long enough and tried enough combinations he could make the "stone" for which Kingdoms might have been sold in vain. Some men thought that they had found it, but only succeeded in mistaken.

Although the real object of their search remained far away as ever, some of the alchemists and investigators discovered interesting things. Among these were the manufacture of glass and porcelain and of gunpowder. The properties of acids and gases also became known in this manner.

AS TO "BEING A BOY."

When I go out to walk with nurse
I have to be so prim and good!
I'm such a tremendous lot to say,
And so "unmannerly and rude."
I hate my silly, fussy clothes,
And dolls and books I can't enjoy;
I say the longest words a day—
"Oh, dear, I wish I was a boy."

But when my daddy comes at night,
And lifts me gently on his knee,
And whispers, "Daddy's little girl"
Well, then, I'm really glad I'm me.

An Accident.

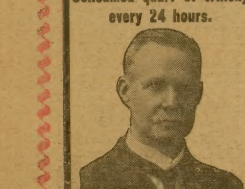
Ruth is still in the nursery, but her big brother has a bicycle. Ruth heard all sorts of conversation about "tires," "gear," and "bicycle" terms. One morning Ruth stepped upon an innocent looking pin. Above her screams was heard, "Come, mother, quick, I've got a puncture."

THE WOODCHUCK AT WORK.

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck
If a woodchuck would chuck wood?
He would chuck as much wood as a woodchuck could
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

I was a Heavy Drinker!

Consumed quart of Whisky every 24 hours.



CURED IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol to excess, regularly or periodically, let me send the Public book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

It reveals how any drinker can be developed into a temperate man, and how drinking seemingly, by it wonders hastens to pass my cost or trouble, to any one in need of such advice. For my period of drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily—and I was constantly in a state of stupor.

I managed business and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost my position and became an inveterate, wretched outcast, now all except the schoolchildren, who cheerfully toss me pennies in the streets of London.

For 12 years I kept it up, and I was exposed on all sides to the temptation to go on as I did. But now I have a joyous message for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While curing me from bad to worse, of all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly found a true cure. It was not from any medicine I took. My health was quickly restored, but the craving for drink was not affected. I found that I could strengthen the will power and overcome all desire for drink, I took tea and tea, I began to realize the fact that the craving for alcohol was a disease, and that I could overcome it. I recovered from the craving for liquor, and I recovered from the depression and nervousness which I now see was due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

My cure took 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because no alcohol cure has no will power while drinking. Drink is a disease, and I have found a cure for it. I have been successful in curing it in thousands of others. My success has been marvelous. During eight years, I have personally attended to over 6,000 men and women who were addicted to drink, and I have never had a single failure. I have cured some of the most inveterate cases of intemperance on absolutely no money. If I were permitted to mention some of those to whom I have given back health and prosperity over the public would be astonished. They are numbered among the most prominent people in the United States, and include lawyers, doctors, ministers, bankers, merchants, railroad men, authors, editors and others in all vocations.

I trust the statement in my book, which I send **FREE** to every person (or relative or friend) who drinks to excess, regularly or periodically, will induce you to cure the drunkard, by the only means that I have ever found successful. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My remedy is for steady or periodical drinkers. Think of it—a complete and permanent cure in three days between Saturday night and Monday morning. Not a day longer. Not a day off from business. Cured by Tuesday. Cured for good. Cured for life. Cured forever. If you want to cure a drinker in the quickest treatment ever known, write me to-day. Don't wait. Don't delay. My treatment does not cost you a penny. Don't send money. Don't even write a letter. Just send me your name and address on a postal card. Mail it to-day. Address me as follows:

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, postpaid, FREE. It tells of my own career and the wonderful cure by which I reclaimed myself and hundreds of others. Especially appeal to those who have wasted money on various remedies which have been no lasting effect. Remember, it costs nothing and you will always be glad that you wrote. Call this advertisement out of mind and write NOW.

What I say I do, I do do!

Are you a drinker? Do you wish to cure yourself? If so, here's my hand, no unnecessary publicity, no loss of time from business, no pledges to sign, no will power to exert, no suffering. I will be perfectly honest with you and tell you exactly how I cure you. You will not be sick one or two days' treatment, and you will not think of whiskey any more than you do of the man in the moon. You can enter barrooms and feel perfectly indifferent, feeling the slightest fascination. You will be cured in any sense of the word. What I say I do, I do do! Don't delay. Write me to-day. Get rid of the craving forever. Don't forget that my cure is a wonderful one. Don't forget that I guarantee it. One will cure you. **What I say I do, I do do!**

Get the Genuine Drink Cure

Do you want to cure someone who is near and dear to you? Is he or she a victim of whiskey consumption? Do you want to cure him or her secretly? Do you want to cure him or her at home? Do you want to cure him or her at less cost than a trip to a sanitarium? Do you want to cure him or her at less cost than a trip to a sanitarium? Do you want to cure him or her at less cost than a trip to a sanitarium